THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

TO A WAVE.

BY THE LATE COLONEL BAKER.

Dost thou seek a star, with thy swelling crest,
Oh! wave that leavest thy mother's breast?
Dost thou leap from the prisoned depths below
In scorn of their calm and constant flow?
Or art thou seeking some distant land,
To die in murmurs upon the strand?

Hast thou tales to tell the pearl-lit deep,
Where the wave-whelmed mariner rocks in sleep!
Canst thou speak of navies that sunk in pride
Ere the roll of their thunder in echo died?
What trophies, what banners are floating free
In the shadowy depths of that silent sea?

It were vain to ask, as thou rollest afar,
Of banner, or mariner, ship or star:
It were vain to seek in thy stormy face
Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace.
Thou art swelling high, thou art flashing free,
How vain are the questions we ask of thee!

I too am a wave on a stormy sea;
I too am a wanderer, driven like thee;
I too am seeking a distant land,
To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand.
For the land I seek is a waveless shore,
And they who once reach it shall wander no more.

THE LADY LISLE.

But Mr. Hayward didn't win his way into the hearts of his parishioners without a hard fight for it. At first Belminster hated and defied him; then it began to fear him; and it ultimately ended by only loving him,—loving him as children may love a good but severe father; and this was the aspect of affairs when the rector secured an excellent coadjutor in the person of Walter Remorden.

In many ways the curate very much resembled the rector. Like the rector, he was earnest and zealous, perhaps sometimes, and especially since his disappointment, rather over anxious,—rather too fearful of the issue of his work. Like Mr. Hayward, he was not given to coaxing people to be good as you coax children with sugar-plums. He showed them rather, that, though goodness was a hard thing, and sometimes even an unprofitable thing, still it was, after all, the best and wisest thing for them, and that the sugar-plums very often came of themselves when least looked for. He was never weary of his work. He shunned all society except that of the rector, and he spent his days in going from house to house,—not afraid of hard words or black looks, but setting up his standard on every hearth-stone, and biding his time. A fair harvest soon began to fall in from all this good seed that had been sown; and the old inhabitants of the town declared with one accord that Belminster had become an altered place since the advent of James Hayward and Walter Remorden.

The rector had only one child, a daughter, a girl of about nineteen years of age, of whom he was dotingly fond. Nor was his affection unrequited, for Blanche Hayward loved her father as it is rarely the lot of fathers to be loved in this world. Mrs. Hayward was a ladylike nonentity, who spent her days in working elaborate fancy work, and who was never tired of lifting her pale eyebrows and exclaiming against the depravity of Belminster. The management of the house, the direction of the servants, the giving out of alms, the cutting and contriving of garments for the poor, all devolved upon Blanche, who was her father's confidante and adviser, and who aided him in all his schemes.

The father and daughter would stroll together in the cool summer evenings through the rectory gardens, Mr. Hayward leaning one hand on Blanche's shoulder, and describing to her the adventures of the day; while his wife looked at them from the drawing-room window, wondering, as she said, how they could always find so much to talk about. But the rector's daughter was no ordinary girl; she had been educated by her father, was a good classical scholar, knew more about divinity than many of the Oxford and Cambridge men who had applied to Mr. Hayward for the curacy; spoke half a-dozen modern languages, was well read in history, and could write a good lecture or an excellent sermon.

The young ladies of Belminster opened their eyes very wide when she told them, without so much as a blush, that she did not not know one note from another on the piano, and that she could not draw so much as a leaf on one of the beeches in the garden.

She was not a pretty girl. Her features were irregular, her complexion pale; but her countenance had a brightness, and an ever-varying vivacity, which would have redeemed the ugliest face that ever nature was guilty of sending into the world, and she had a wealth of dark chestnut hair, which fell about her head in natural curls, and defied any attempt to arrange it. She let it have its own way, therefore, this abundant and clustering brown hair, and the effect was by no means unpleasing. She dressed in the plainest manner; for, as she devoted her time to her studies in the rector's quiet little library, and to visiting the cottages of the poor, she had very little need of fine clothes. She had gone to a county ball once, in a plain black silk dress, with a low neck and short sleeves, and without so much, the outraged Belminster ladies remarked, without so much as a flower in her hair. But as this luxuriant curling hair tumbled about her head and on to her sloping shoulders, and as the black dress showed off those plump shoulders and her white, round arms, Miss Blanche Hayward had looked by no means the least attractive person in the ball-room. And she had talked—I am afraid to say how much she had talked—to her partners, and to old gentlemen lounging against the walls, and to the girls, and to the dowagers, and once very nearly to a waiter, whom she recognized as a reformed drunkard, and a *protege* of her father's. But for all this everybody liked her; the young men said she was a "sensible party," and the old fogies declared her to be a well-informed young woman, and she went home, after a night of the most unalloyed enjoyment, to get up at six o'clock the next morning, dress by candlelight, and go and teach her own peculiar class in the National School.

Blanche Hayward and Walter Remorden were soon excellent friends. She was delighted with the new curate, though she could not understand his melancholy; for she had a wonderfully strong perception, and saw at a glance that he *was* melancholy. She saw that he flew to duty as to a distraction, loving it, if possible, more for that than purely for its own sake, as she and her father loved it; simply because it must be done, and because it was good to do it.

"Mr. Remorden has something upon his mind, papa," she said, one morning, looking up from her work at her father, who was busy preparing his sermon. "Do you know what it is?"

"Not I, Blanche. What can he have on his mind? His family are very well off; his income here is a good one; he can have no poverty to contend with; his health is good—"

"Pretty good, papa," interrupted Blanche; "not so very good. You know he had only just recovered from a severe illness when he came to Belminster."

"*You* know all about it, it seems, Miss Blanche," said her father, laughing.

"He told me, you know, papa," she answered, looking up at him, with her truthful clear gray eyes; "I like him very much, for I think him all that is good, and I don't like to see him unhappy, for I know that he is unhappy."

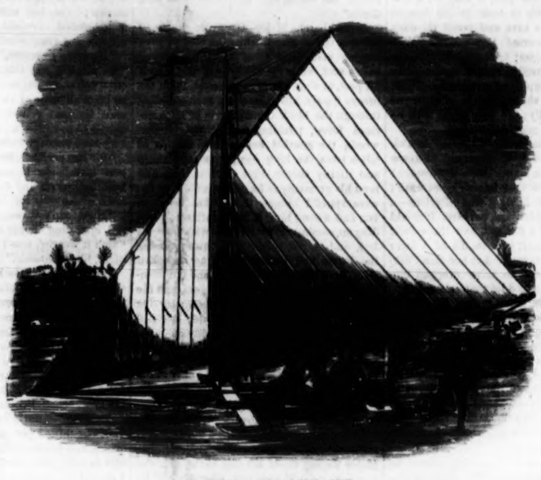
"I suppose he told you that, too," said the rector.

"No, indeed, papa. He always seems to be trying to appear cheerful; but you can see the effort is painful to him."

"You can see? *I* can see nothing of the kind. You foolish Blanche," answered her father, "do you suppose I ever trouble myself to study the sighings and moanings of Mr. Walter Remorden? I only know that he is the best curate I ever had; that he appears to do his work with his whole heart, and that he does it well. That's all I can tell you about him, my Blanche."

"I shouldn't at all wonder, papa, if he had been disappointed in love."

I don't know how it was, but Blanche, who was by no means given to betraying any foolish or young lady-like emotion, blushed crimson after having made this observation, and, stooping over her work, began to exercise her needle with unusual rapidity.



SAILING ON THE ICE.

Harriet Martineau says the most delightful physical sensation that she ever experienced is that of rapid motion through space. We advise Miss Martineau to try an ice boat. By this means she will not only obtain a motion of the greatest possible rapidity, but one that is peculiarly exhilarating. In travelling in a rail car, not only is the course confined rigidly to the prepared track, but there is such a mass of matter rumbling along with the traveller, that the speed is not fully realized. In an ice boat you slide across the broad fields of ice with the speed of a dried leaf driven before the wind, and the direction of your motion is under your most perfect control. With a slight turn of the rudder you change your course at will, now cutting sharply into the wind, and now sweeping along with it as if you were a portion of the storm.

This most exciting sport has received its fullest development on the Hudson River, and in the towns along the banks great rivalry exists in the construction of boats for the races which are constantly occurring during the winter season. Our engraving is from a photograph of one of these boats furnished the Scientific American by Mr. Stevens of Poughkeepsie. The Hudson River ice boats are all made on the same general plan. A light triangular frame, 12 feet in length, rests at its forward end upon a transverse plank 12 feet long, which is supported at its ends by two short runners. The rear end of the frame, forming the apex of the triangle, rests upon a third runner, which is fitted to be turned like a rudder by means of a helm. The sailor, wrapped in fur robes, reclines upon the frame, and flies away over the ice in any direction at will, almost literally with the speed of the wind.

The races among the ice boats on the Hudson, have been for the last two winters the most prominent subject of interest and excitement among the inhabitants from Cold Spring to Troy. They take the place of the yacht races in England; a yacht race is a sluggish and stupid affair compared with the arrow-like flight of a fleet of ice boats.

The rector did not perceive this blush, he had never once looked up from his sermon during the brief dialogue, and Blanche did not say any more about Walter Remorden that morning.

The anniversary of Lady Lisle's wedding-day came round, and Walter had been a twelvemonth at Belminster. He and Blanche had grown every day more intimate; he unconsciously coming to look upon her almost as he might have done on some old college friend, whose tastes and habits were in common with his own. There was so much that was masculine in the powerful intellect of the rector's daughter, that she served him instead of a friend of his own sex. There was nothing he wished to talk of that he could not talk of to her:—Politics, divinity, political economy, literature, metaphysics; in all these subjects she was, if not his equal, at least a most delightful neophyte; frank, unaffected, unpretending; always quick to learn and eager to be instructed, grasping his own ideas so rapidly, and presenting them to him again in a better shape so quickly, that sometimes he wondered if he had really taught her anything, or whether it was not, indeed, she who was his superior. No one ever flattered Blanche Hayward,—a stereotyped compliment would have seemed an insult to her clear common sense. She had few admirers, for most men were a little afraid of her, though they esteemed and respected her goodness and abilities.

One evening in the December of the first year after his arrival at Belminster, Walter Remorden sat in the rectory drawing-room, talking to Blanche and her mother. Talking, at least, to Blanche, for Mrs. Hayward soon dropped out of the conversation, saying that they were *so* clever, and that they really made her feel quite silly, which (had she had any clear perception of her own state) she might easily have done. The rector had retired to his little study after dinner to look to some accounts connected with his new National Schools, and Blanche and the curate had it all to themselves.

This was when Blanche was truly happy. With a heap of new books lying ready for discussion upon the table before her; with Mr. Remorden in his most brilliant and conversational mood; with her mamma quietly seated at her own little work-table; with the curtains drawn, a blazing fire on the hearth, a bright lamp shining upon the glittering tea-things on the centre-table; and with, above all, the consciousness of having done such a day's work as would have astonished any young lady in Yorkshire, Blanche was in her seventh heaven. But she was not destined to enjoy the curate's society long without interruption; her father came in to tea, and he had a great deal to say about a visitor he had just received in his study.

"I scarcely knew what to advise, Blanche," he said; "but you and Remorden have such a very clever way of hitting upon good plans, that perhaps you can tell me what I ought to say to Mr. Daunton, the master of the principal boys' school in this place, who has been consulting me about a difficulty he is in."

"And what is the difficulty, papa?" asked Blanche.

"Why, my dear," said her father, "Mr. Daunton has for some years had among his pupils a lad of the name of Saunders, who was brought to him twelve years and a half ago, and who, when he came, was about ten years old. He is, therefore, now upwards of twenty-two. Quite a young man, of course, and old enough to be out in the world, instead of being mewed up in Mr. Daunton's back parlor. But that is not the difficulty, and I want to come to that first. Now, it appears that the boy was brought to Mr. Daunton by his uncle, a person of the name of Saunders, who stated that he was a clergyman of the Church of England. The boy, he said, was an orphan, the son of his brother, who had died in the West Indies, where the boy had been born, and where he had had an attack of yellow fever, so severe that it had for the time deprived him of his reason, and had afterwards so much affected his memory that he was quite unable to recall any of the events of his childhood. Mr. Saunders brought him to Belminster, therefore, he said, in order that, if possible, care, attention, and country air might restore him to perfect health. For eleven years the money for the boy's schooling has been paid regularly, Mr. Saunders coming to Belminster once a year, to settle his account and to look at his nephew; but for the last year and a half Mr. Daunton has not received a farthing, nor can he obtain any tidings of Mr. Saunders."

"What, has he not his address, then?" asked Walter.

"No. Mr. Saunders told him always to direct to him under cover to a lawyer in Gray's Inn Square. He has written, of course, to that gentleman; but can hear nothing, except that, to the best of the solicitor's belief, Mr. Saunders has gone to the East Indies. Where, he does not know."

"But the 'Clergy List'—"

"Oh, as to that," said the rector, "there are several Saunders's in the church; but Mr. Daunton has written to them all, and received answers denying any knowledge of the affair from every one of them."

"And the young man, what does he say to all this?" Blanche asked.

"Nothing whatever that can throw any light upon the subject. He remembers nothing of his childhood, except being at the sea-side with his uncle George, as he calls Mr. Saunders, after a very dangerous illness, which he thinks was fever. He fancies that he was at the sea-side for two or three years; but he cannot remember the name of the place, or the people with whom he stopped."

"And can he remember nothing that occurred before his illness?"

"No. He can never be induced to speak of that period, and has a strange dislike to be questioned upon the subject. His temperament is peculiarly nervous, and his health delicate."

"But is his intellect in any way impaired?" asked Walter Remorden.

"Not in the least. Indeed, Mr. Daunton says that the young man is very clever. He is devoted to his books and to the study of botany, in which he is a great proficient."

"Papa!" cried Blanche, suddenly, "I have an idea."

"Of course, my darling," said her father, with fond pride in his clever child, "I knew you'd get us out of our difficulty."

"You know, papa, that as soon as your new National Schools are built, you'll want a schoolmaster for the boys. Now, I know you prefer having a young man in the situation, as you do not like to have to combat with settled prejudices and antiquated ideas. Why not employ this poor abandoned boy? You might mould him on your own principles, and make a model schoolmaster of him."

"So I might, Blanche. It shall be done."

Though the grass might flourish in the square before the minster, it was never allowed to grow under the feet of the rector of St. Mary's. So, early the next morning, Mr. Hayward, being particularly engaged himself, sent his curate to call upon Mr. Daunton, the schoolmaster, and to make acquaintance with Richard Saunders.

"Mind, I leave all in your hands," the rector said to Walter. "You will see in five minutes whether the young man will suit us. If not, we must think of something else for him."

The curate found Richard Saunders seated by the fire in Mr. Daunton's breakfast-parlor. The worthy schoolmaster had made no change in his treatment of his pupil since the annual remuneration had ceased. Indeed, he was sincerely attached to the young man, and very anxious for his welfare in life.

"For it is a sad thing," he whispered to the curate, as he led him into the little sitting-room, "it is a very sad thing to see a delicate, sensitive lad cast upon the world, without a friend to help him, and without health or strength to help himself."

Walter Remorden was very favorably impressed by the appearance of the young man. There was something peculiarly delicate in the pale face, mournful blue eyes, and long flaxen hair brushed away from his high forehead.

"This is Mr. Remorden, Richard," said the schoolmaster, "whose sermons you have so often admired."

The young man looked up from his book, and rising hurriedly, bowed to Walter, blushing like a girl.

"I'll leave you and Richard together," said Mr. Daunton to the curate. "Mr. Remorden would like to have a little chat with you, my dear," he added to his pupil. The worthy schoolmaster often called him "my dear," as he had done when he first came to the school a little sickly boy, scarcely expected to live to grow up.

The curate started several subjects of conversation; but Richard Saunders only answered by monosyllables, fidgetting all the time with the leaves of the book he had in his hands. Walter Remorden noticed those thin and fragile hands, which were white and slender as the hands of a woman.

"What is to become of him?" thought the curate. "He is as delicate as a girl, and I am afraid he is sadly deficient in intellect."

But Walter soon found that he was mistaken. After a little time, the young man warmed into animation; he grew fluent, nay, almost eloquent, the large, earnest blue eyes lighting up, and his whole manner undergoing a complete change. He talked of a great many things; never very brilliantly, but always sensibly. Then the curate felt himself justified in broaching the subject of the National Schools. He found the young man delighted with the idea. He would do anything, he said; any work, however hard, rather than remain a burden upon the hands of his kind instructor.

"I owe him so much already," said Richard, "so much that I can never repay. He has replaced the friends I have lost. He has cured me of those cruel delusions—"

"What delusions?" asked Walter Remorden, interrupting the young man.

"Delusions from which I was still suffering when I first came to this place. Oh, pray, pray, do not ask me anything about them. I am quite right in my mind now; I am indeed, indeed I am."

He spoke with a feverish energy and rapidity, his restless hands turning over the leaves of the book; but suddenly collecting himself, he became perfectly tranquil, and said, quietly—

"And now tell me about the National School. I think if there is one position more than another in which I could be useful, it would be as a tutor. I have seen so much of tuition here."

The next morning, Richard Saunders called at the rectory. Mr. Hayward gave him a hearty welcome, clapped him on the back with a strong hand that seemed to shake the young man's fragile frame, and handed him over to Blanche.

"She'll tell you all about it, my boy," said the rector; "she's my secretary, my prime minister, my managing-man, and my pet and my darling," he added, tenderly, as the young lady shook back her brown ringlets, and held up her broad, white forehead to be kissed.

Richard blushed scarlet on being introduced to Miss Blanche Hayward. He had seen scarcely any female society, and to be handed over to the tender mercies of a girl of nineteen, filled him with apprehension. How was he to address her? What was he to say to her? But Blanche soon set him quite at his ease. She told him to sit down by her side, and taking out some papers, began to talk to him about plans, and estimates, and statistics, and Manchester Free Schools, and Liverpool Free Schools, till she led him into the subject, and made him almost forget that he was talking to that terrible part of creation, "a young lady." He could not quite forget it either, for he could not help noticing that she had very handsome gray eyes, a great many chestnut curls, and white teeth that glittered when she laughed, and that she was tall and graceful, slender, but still plump. He remembered having observed her in the rectory pew from his seat in the gallery at St. Mary's, and he remembered, too, having fancied even then that she must be a nice girl.

"And she is a nice girl," he thought, when Blanche had run away to put on her out-door garments. "How kind she is to me, how easy and unaffected in her manners, and how simple and earnest in her wish to do good."

Blanche came back while Richard sat thinking this, knowing, at the same time, that he ought to say something to poor, languid Mrs. Hayward, who was busy with her everlasting fancy work.

"Now I am going to show you the schools," said Blanche, as she re-entered the room with a scarf twisted loosely round her shoulders, and her large, straw hat just thrown on (she was by no means too neat a young lady,) "and I am going to show you the house they are building for you; where you will live, you know, with an old woman, or a boy, or somebody of the kind, to wait upon you. I suppose you can't cook?"

"Cook? No, I'm afraid not," said Richard, blushing, as if he felt very much ashamed of being deficient in that accomplishment.

"That's a pity," replied the practical Blanche; "it would have been handier if you could have cooked your own dinner; I can. But of course you must have a servant."

The new schools lay in a little hollow across the breezy common, half a mile from the town. Blanche and Richard walked side by side over the rimy grass; the lady treating her companion with that easy familiarity which girls often assume to a young man of nearly their own age. A woman, however young, always feels herself a great deal older than a man of one or two-and-twenty, whose manners have retained all their boyish timidity. Blanche spoke to Richard Saunders with the calm superiority of a woman talking to a boy, and yet he was her senior by three years.

"You have been in Belminster a long time," she said.

"Yes, twelve years."

"And before you came here—?"

"Before I came here I was by the sea side, at a quiet place, not nearly so big as Belminster; a very lonely, quiet place, where there were very few houses, and where there were high rocks, and a wild, stormy sea; sometimes very wild, with great waves that used to dash over me as I lay in my little chair on the beach."

"But, good gracious me!" said Blanche, "you must remember the name of the place."

"No, indeed; I don't think I ever heard it. I know when we came to Belminster we travelled for a day and a night, so it must have been very far away from here. It was a lonely place, and I never saw any one there but my uncle George, who came sometimes to see me, and an old woman called Magways, who nursed me.

"Were you ill then?"

"Not all the time, but sometimes very ill. Light in my head sometimes."

"But tell me," said Blanche, anxiously, "you were ten years old when you came to Belminster, you were only two or three years at the sea-side; you must have been seven or eight years old, therefore, when you went there first; you *must* remember something of your life before that time."

"No, no, no," cried the young man, with the same look of terror that Walter Remorden had seen in his face the day before; "no, I remember nothing of that time. It is nothing but delusion and misery; nothing but delusion, nothing!"

"But, Mr. Saunders," urged Blanche, her curiosity more and more excited by the young man's strange manner; "but these delusions, what were they?"

"Do not ask me!" he exclaimed. "I have taken a solemn oath never to speak of them to any human being."

"An oath? But to whom?"

"To my uncle George. He told me that my only chance of being saved from becoming a madman, was to resolve never to speak of those things again. He said that my long illness had filled my brain with strange fancies, and that it rested with myself to effect my own cure, or to make up my mind to end my days in a lunatic asylum. He said this to me at that place by the sea-side, the night before we started for Belminster. I was only a child; but I understood every word he said. I repeated the solemn words of an oath which he dictated, by which I swore never to reveal the fancies that had taken possession of me."

"And now that you have grown so much older, do you think that your uncle George was right, and that these fancies of yours were indeed mere delusions?"

"I have sworn never to speak of them. Pray do not question me."

"But one word—you *must* remember friends, relations; your father, your mother—"

"My mother! Oh, for pity's sake, for the sake of Heaven's own tender mercy, do not speak of her!"

The young man flung up his arms wildly, and throwing himself upon the grass, sobbed aloud.

Blanche knelt by his side, and, speaking all the words of comfort she could think of, tried to raise his head; but he still lay with his face towards the grass, crying over and over again, in the midst of his sobs,—

"My mother! my poor, kind, pitiful, tender mother! And even she might have been a dream and a fancy like the rest."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DELIRIUM.

Rachel Arnold was slow to recover from that triangular gash upon her upper lip inflicted by the clenched fist of the Baronet. Fatigue, starvation, excitement, trouble, ill usage, all had combined to prostrate the poor feeble creature; and for many weeks she lay hovering between life and death in one of the upper rooms at Lislewood Park. Lady Lisle gave particular orders that the sick woman should be carefully tended, and that all should be done to restore her to health; but for a long time the doctor gave little hope of her recovery.

"The constitution is feeble, my dear madam," he said; "and it is further impaired by a hard life; she has led a very hard life, this woman, I am convinced. I remember her, years ago, when she and her wretch of a husband lived at the lodge, and when their little boy, who, as people said, looked like Sir Rupert's brother, used to play about at the gates."

"The boy died very young, of a fever, I believe," said Lady Lisle.

"So I understand, so I understand, my dear Lady Lisle. He took after his mother, and was rather a sickly child. I was not surprised to hear of his death. And now I will go and have a look at my patient. Poor soul, the constitution is very feeble, and the intellect not strong,—the intellect by no means strong."

Sir Rupert did not interfere with Rachel Arnold's residence under his roof. Indeed, he seemed rather anxious about her state of health. He would ask about her every day, with his own peculiar manner of restraint, but at the same time with an evident interest in the answer.

Was she better; was she at all delirious, or wandering, eh? No; she was calm. Quite calm? Yes, perfectly collected and sensible. And what did she talk about? Why, as for that, she talked very little of anything; she was too weak for much conversation.

These answers appeared to satisfy him; but he would always ask the same questions the following day, and with the same air of restraint and hidden interest. Yet, in spite of his anxiety about Rachel Arnold's health, nothing that could be said would ever induce Sir Rupert Lisle to visit the sick woman's apartments. Day after day she sent him pitiful messages,—messages telling him how anxious she was to see him, if only for a few short minutes; only to look in his face, to hold his hand in hers, and recall the days when she had nursed him a little feeble child upon her knees; to beg his forgiveness for her having intruded herself upon him in his time of triumph and prosperity. Such prayers as these she caused to be conveyed to him continually; but she might with as much effect have prayed to stone!

He didn't want to be bothering in sick people's rooms, he said. How did he know what might be the matter with the woman? How did he know that her sickness wasn't infectious? Most likely it was infectious—a fever caught on shipboard, perhaps. It would be a nice thing if a Baronet, and the richest man in the county, was to die of a fever caught of a sick servant. Let her think herself precious lucky to have dropped into such a good home, and let that satisfy her.

This was all the comfort that Rachel Arnold ever got from Sir Rupert Lisle.

The portly Major, whose light waistcoats grew wider and wider as the playful fingers of Time passed over his auburn curls, not daring to touch them with gray, as they might have touched the flowing locks of commoner men, but thinning them, and shaking them out a little here and there,—the Major, I say, was once more in the ascendant at Lislewood Park.

After that scene in the billiard-room he took up the sceptre again just as quietly as he had laid it down, and this time grasped it very firmly. The Baronet returned to his old place and to his old habits. Perhaps he had thought that he should secure an ally in his handsome wife; but Olivia held herself completely aloof from him; so he had to stand alone, and standing alone, he was no match for Major Granville Varney. Again he looked to the Major before he spoke.—Again, abject and pale, with the crouching, hanging manner of some guilty hound who has barely escaped a beating, he followed at the Major's heels, hanging on his words, and seeming to live only by his sufferance and direction.

Once he spoke to Major Varney about the sick woman.

"What can I do?" he said. "She's always worrying—sending sickly, romantic messages about wanting to be forgiven, and all such foolery. And what do I care about seeing her, you know?" he whined, in his peevish, treble voice.

"Very little, I should think, Sir Rupert," replied the Major. "I can see the glitter of that superb sapphire ring upon your right hand at this moment. You gave a hundred and twenty Napoleons for that sapphire in the Rue de la Paix, and it was the ring that cut Rachel Arnold so severely over the mouth. No, I should think you would scarcely care about seeing your—your old servant."

"I'll tell you what," muttered Sir Rupert, "I think you might keep your tongue between your teeth. You've made a good thing of it."

"I always meant to make a good thing of it, my dear Baronet (a Baronet of James the First's creation, remember, dear boy, and a knight centuries before,—the Lisles are *such* an old family!) I always meant to make a good thing of it," repeated Major Varney, running one of his plump white hands through his yellow curls, and flinging himself into the violet velvet depths of a luxurious sofa. "In the market of life there is no more expensive commodity than brains. I am but a merchant, and I have done my best to get a good price for my wares. Perhaps I have succeeded—perhaps I have succeeded," repeated the Major, taking a big silk handkerchief from one of his pockets, and polishing his pink finger nails.

"Now, look here," said Sir Rupert, "I can't have this woman bothering about me in this way every day of her life, so I wish you'd just go to her and tell her that she'd better hold her noise; for she's got a comfortable home as it is, and if she don't mind her P's and Q's, she'll very likely get turned out of it. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. I'm to go and tell Rachel Arnold all that?"

"Every word of it."

"It is not a very pleasant message to carry, my Rupert."

"Never mind that. Pleasant or unpleasant, I suppose you can carry it. You get enough out of me; so you may as well do something for it."

It pleased the Baronet to assume an air of sulky defiance in his manner to Major Granville Varney, though he well knew that it was false; and knew, too, that the Major saw through the shallow disguise.

"As to what I get out of you, or what I may intend to get out of you in the time to come," said the Major, looking full at Sir Rupert, who sat, with his eyes cast down, chewing at the fingers of a glove, "that is of very little moment. But remember that I have *got* that out of you which makes you as much my slave as if I had bought you for so many dollars in the Southern States of America; as much my dog as if I had paid a dog fancier for you, and had you chained and padlocked in my kennel. Look at this!"

Major Varney had unbuttoned his waistcoat while speaking, and he pointed to a leathern strap, which he wore buckled tightly round his by no means slender waist. To this strap was attached, on the left side, a very small pocket-book, with steel clasps.

"Look at it!" said the Major, pointing to the pocket-book. "The strap is an improvement to the figure, and a check against corpulence, to which I am so unhappily inclined; and then—how secure!"

Sir Rupert twisted his awkward fingers in his pale, lank hair, as if he would have torn it out by the roots; but he was too great a craven even to bear that pain.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" he cried, writhing upon his seat; "you've got me fast enough.—Curse you!"

"That is so like the amiable man under whose roof your earlier years were spent," said the Major, smiling; "so ready with curses and oaths, and so behind hand with deeds."

Behind-hand, Major Granville Varney? Even at this moment, while the echo of your ringing voice still vibrates in the arched oaken roof, while the shadows of the clouds flit past, in ever-varying succession, upon the breezy Sussex hills, there is a man plodding through the black undergrowth of an American forest, plodding among the tangled weeds, the gnarled and rotting stumps of fallen trees, the long damp grass, and sharp and thorny shrubs, that catch at him and rend his garments as he passes, as if they too were spiteful human things, that loved to vex and wound him in his weariness; plodding on, cursing the weeds that twist about his feet, and almost throw him down; cursing the briars and thorns that tear his naked flesh: cursing the black shade and the burning sun, the place to which he goes, and the people whom he goes to seek there; cursing himself and cursing all the world; but still with his dark face turned steadily one way, and with a steady purpose in his vengeful heart, that gives his feeble limbs a strange, unnatural strength, and helps him on through all.

Gay and *debonnaire*, pulling his yellow moustachios, and showing his glittering teeth benignly, as he traversed the long corridors and toiled up the servants' staircase, Major Varney made his way to the sick woman's room. He seemed, after his old fashion, to take the sunlight with him, even into the shadiest places, till the servants who met him suddenly upon the staircase almost winked at his yellow brightness; so, with a beaming face, and pretty, musical jingle of the golden ornaments at his watch-chain, which made a tinkling sound as he walked, he stepped lightly into the invalid's apartment.

Rachel Arnold lay in a shadowy chamber at one angle of the great house; a low room, with a sloping ceiling, crossed by thick oaken beams, and with a latticed window shaded with the overhanging roof. Opposite this window was the old-fashioned tent bedstead upon which the sick woman lay. Her white face was turned towards the door of the room; her pale blue eyes dilated with a look of terror, half anxiety. The doctor sat in a chair near the head of the bed, watching the patient with a thoughtful countenance, while a rough country girl, who acted as nurse, stood by the window, vaguely staring at the tops of the trees in the park.

"She is rather worse to-day, and I am afraid," said the doctor; "there is a little tendency to wander in the mind this morning."

As the country girl did not know the meaning of the word "tendency," and as she was not quite clear as to what "wandering in the mind" might be, she did not attempt to answer the doctor; so that functionary looked at the patient, and then looked at his watch, as if he would have established a connection between the patent engine-turned chronometer and the mind of the sick woman, so that by winding up one, he might contrive to regulate the other; but having looked for a few minutes reflectively at the twinkling wheels and jewelled holes, he elevated his eyebrows in a deprecatory manner, as much as to say that he gave it up for a bad job, and closed the timepiece with metallic snap.

"An only son! Bad, cruel, wicked, treacherous! An only son! an only son!"

"It's awful wearin'," said the country girl, who was evidently out of spirits. "She's been a doin' of it all night, and I ain't had a wink of sleep along of her only sons. Vegetables and saucepans was bad enough, but this is a deal worse, goodness knows!"

Now this speech is sufficiently obscure in itself; but the young rustic had served her apprenticeship in the basement of Lislewood House, as under scullery-maid, from which office she had been promoted to the post of sick nurse.

"An only son!" repeated the woman, her hollow eyes still fixed upon the open door. "Bad, bad! Cruel, very, very cruel! An only son, an only son!"

At this moment, Major Granville Varney appeared on the threshold. He was so big and so important, that he filled up every inch of the doorway, and looked like a picture done in brilliant colors, and put in a clumsy wooden frame.

The doctor sat lazily pulling on his limp thread gloves; the country girl yawned audibly behind her red hands; a feeble robin twittered on the window-sill; the rustling ivy waved its ragged leaves about the casement frame; the cinders dropped one by one through the lower bars of the little grate, and a mess of barley-water simmered in the saucepan on the hob: nothing in the room, or out of the room, gave any sign of recognition of Major Varney's presence, except the invalid. Except the invalid. With a shrill scream, the feeble creature sprang from the bed, and throwing herself upon the astonished Major, twisted her attenuated hands in his loose cravat, as if, weak as she was, she would have grappled with the stalwart Indian officer.

"You!" she shrieked. "*You!* the worst, the worst of all. Why do you come near me? Why do you let me see your false and wicked face? Why do you come where I am, unless you want me to murder you?"

"I said so," murmured the doctor, nodding complacently; "I said the mind was a little disturbed. I expected as much."

The girl led Rachel Arnold back to the bed, the invalid lying down as quietly as if she had been a little child. Her pale hair, disordered by the struggle, fell in straggling locks about her thin, hollow cheeks, as she lay back upon the pillow, panting for breath.

The Major brushed the doctor away from the bedside with one wave of his hand, and seated himself there as coolly as if the invalid had welcomed him as her best and dearest friend.

"My *good* Mrs. Arnold! my *dear* Mrs. Arnold!" he said, with soothing tenderness, "this will really not do; it won't, indeed."

"Oh! that cruel voice, that wicked voice," cried the woman, rolling her head backwards and forwards upon the pillow, with a weary motion; "that bad and wicked voice that I have listened to so often, and have heard to say so many cruel words."

"Now, my dear soul," continued the Major, "we mustn't talk about wicked voices and cruel voices, letting our poor dear heads run on upon all sorts of painful fancies; but we must try and collect ourselves, and listen quietly to our friends. I have brought you a very kind message from Sir Rupert Lisle."

"Sir Rupert Lisle, Sir Rupert Lisle, Sir Rupert Lisle," she repeated, still rolling her head backwards and forwards upon the pillows. "An only son, an only son."

"Now, ain't it wearin'?" exclaimed the girl, appealing in her despair to the Major; "ain't it wearin', now? And she does it all night, like 'rithmetic."

Perhaps the woman heard her, and in the strange mystery of delirium was carried back to that dim time, when she and a score of other girls had learned to cipher at the village dame school; for she cried, with the same pitiful voice, "Seven times five is thirty-five; seven times five is—Sir Rupert Lisle. Carry seven—carry Sir Rupert Lisle. I did, I did, I did, many and many a time; when my arms ached, I've carried him, for he was an only son—he was an only son."

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said the Major, with a compassionate sigh; "this is too sad; this is really too painful. Doctor Lumkins, I should be glad to talk to you for a few minutes in my own room. I am very much affected by this scene, I am indeed. So this is the young person who nurses Mrs. Arnold, is it?" he added, pulling his moustachios reflectively, and looking very hard at the promoted scullery-maid. "This is the young person, is it, who has taken care of her all through her illness, eh?"

"Yes, that I have," answered the girl. "I ain't had no help, and this last night or two, since she's took on wild, I've been a'most frightened."

"You have had no help," murmured the Major, pulling still harder at his moustachios. "Ah, ah, no help at all. Good."

Major Varney evidently uttered these vague phrases in purely absent-minded politeness. He looked at the girl for some moments, at the doctor, and then at the sick woman, who, now quite exhausted, lay with her face turned to the wall.

"Now, then, Doctor Lumkins," he said, after a pause, "if you'll be so very kind as to step into my room. I shall not detain you five minutes."

The Major occupied a handsome suite of apartments on the sunniest side of the house. He led the doctor into his luxurious dressing-room, from which, about a quarter of an hour afterwards, the village practitioner emerged, looking very grave and important.

"Then I will see Mr. Morrison this afternoon, Major Varney," he said, as he shook hands with the Indian officer, "and I daresay there will be very little difficulty about the certificate."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ARMING THE NEGROES.—The Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth, one of the ablest Union papers in Kentucky, is out in approval of Col. Cochrane's late speech at Washington. It says:—

"The policy indicated by Mr. Cochrane is exactly right, and in accordance with the usage of civilized warfare. We hope to see it adopted by the Government. It should have been at first. Had it been, many lives of loyal citizens would have been saved that were lost through the anomalous conduct of the Government toward traitors in arms.—Since the commencement of this most unnatural war it has been safer to be a rebel than to be loyal to the Government. The extreme punishment of treason has thus far been an 'oath of allegiance,' which a rebel will take with as much *sang froid* as he would a gin cocktail.

"Why should not the slaves of traitors in arms be confiscated to the use of the Government? The Democrat will not deny that slaves are property, as clearly so as are mules. Is it right and proper to confiscate a mule, and put it to hauling transportation? If it is, why is it not equally right and proper to confiscate a slave for a driver of that mule? Both are property, and both are employed by the rebels in their attempt to destroy this Government. We believe in 'fighting the devil with fire.' The rebels employ armed negroes, armed savages. They resort to all sorts of base means, even to piracy on the high seas. They poison wells, and when they can—as at Guyandotte—they resort to assassination. It is all stuff to talk about fighting such an enemy on 'high points.' The Government has been trying the experiment some eight months, with indifferent success. If we meet a rattlesnake in our path we mash his head if we can. Let this barbarous rebellion be crushed out. We care not how, so it be done quickly."

SETTING aside what Generals Butler and Burnside are to do, (which is a matter of speculation,) seven columns are now menacing the Confederate states. First, that moving upon that part of Virginia east of the Chesapeake; second, Gen. McClellan's; third, Gen. Rosecrans's; fourth, Gen. Buel's; fifth, Gen. Halleck's; sixth, Gen. Hunter's; seventh, Gen. Sherman's in South Carolina.

THE Germans of New York design getting up a torchlight procession in honor of Fremont, when the latter arrives on his way to Washington.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMB'R 30, 1861.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

NOTICE.

The DEMAND TREASURY NOTES *of the United States, whether payable in this city or elsewhere, will be gladly received at this office in payment for Subscriptions or Advertising. Our distant friends are urged to remit them to us in preference to any Bank Notes but those of Philadelphia and the Eastern States.*

OF ALL THINGS DO NOT FORGET THIS.—Of all things we hope our friends will not forget the new year—and that there are many thousands of people whom a paper like THE POST would exactly suit. Our new PREMIUM MAP will recompense any one for the trouble of getting up a small club for us, among acquaintances to whom THE POST has never gone. If every old subscriber would get us even a small club of four new ones, it would probably make the sun of 1862 shine very brightly to us.

MASON AND SLIDELL.

The most prominent subject of conversation and editorial discussion of late, is the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell by Captain Wilkes. We give in another place the principal arguments and authorities which have been brought forward to justify the course of Captain Wilkes; and also a number of paragraphs from the Canadian papers, designed to prove the totally unjustifiable character of the proceeding in question.

One thing probably will strike the careful reader at once in this matter:—the apparent tendency of those who justify the seizure of the Rebel agents, to do so upon British precedents and authorities; and, on the other hand, of those who condemn such seizure, to refer to American precedents and authorities.

We confess that the arguments of our American contemporaries, supported by such high English authorities as Phillimore, Chitty, and Sir William Scott, would seem not only to justify most thoroughly what Capt. Wilkes has done, but even the capture and confiscation of the mail steamer Trent, which was found with such hostile characters aboard.—We wait with some curiosity to see what answer our English friends can make to such reasoning, so supported.

On the other hand, we also confess that the doctrine in question seems to cut such a wide swath, that—brought up as we have been in the old American school, which favors the largest liberty to neutrals, and the widest freedom of the seas—we hesitate to adopt it, without at least very careful inquiry and examination.

General Scott, we believe, went out to England recently in a British steamship—if he did not, others of our officers and agents are continually doing so. Now it may be that according to the Law of Nations, a vessel of war holding a commission from the so-called Confederate government, has a right to stop the Persia, for instance, in mid-passage, take off any Federal military or civil agent found on board, and confiscate the steamship itself—we say this may all be, but really it is a doctrine that seems to cut a very wide swath in the rights of neutral powers.

Supposing that during the late war between Russia and the Allies, a British officer had taken passage in an American steamship—say the Vanderbilt—bearing instructions in his baggage relative to the shipment of English troops from Canada to the Crimea. Would a Russian man-of-war have had the right to stop the Vanderbilt in mid-ocean, search the vessel, take the British officer from under our flag, and, if it chose, capture and confiscate the Vanderbilt itself?

Capt. Wilkes did not, we know very well, capture and confiscate the Trent—but the authorities brought forward seem to declare in the most positive manner that, by the law of nations, he had a right to do so.

As to precedents, we judge there would be little difficulty in finding British precedents for almost any high-handed proceeding.—When England was "mistress of the seas," she acted like a mistress, and as if the ocean, and all on it, belonged to her. Our war of 1812 was a war against one of her abominable interpretations of the law of nations—an interpretation which she would never have submitted to herself.

We do not pretend to judge this question—but, when it is judged, we wish our government to abide by our own Doctrines, our own Precedents, by the Liberal Spirit of our own History and National Life, and not by those of England. Let us remember the advice of Polonius:—

> "This above all;—To THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man!"

Properly treated, as we trust the administration have both the desire and the ability to treat it, the action of Capt. Wilkes' may be easily made the groundwork of a better and clearer understanding of what the laws of nations in relation to the rights of neutrals really are. All our own feelings, and even prejudices,—overlooking this particular case before us, to great principles and wide results—are in favor of the greatest possible latitude being given to the rights of neutrals, to the sanctity of national flags, and to the freedom of the seas. We do not like any more interference with our own peaceful and enterprising marine in times of war by belligerent powers, than seems to be an absolute necessity. We like to see the neutral flag, as far as possible, protect the neutral deck. We cling to the grand old principles of the war of 1812, and of the previous years, when we were the great neutral carriers for a warring Europe.

As to a serious difficulty with England, which some of our contemporaries talk about so glibly and flippantly, we anticipate nothing of the kind. Of course, our patriotism being of the high-feather order, we have no doubt that these Northern states—and even our own gallant state of Pennsylvania—would prove more than a match for all the rest of the world together; still, we have a very decided preference for taking our enemies one at a time. We think it rather a virtue than otherwise, to have that much "discretion." When we get the rebellion well in hand, it will be quite time to look out for another customer—if we then have an appetite for further fighting, instead of for a little wholesome relaxation.

We may add in conclusion, that we have very little doubt that the Administration will meet this subject in a composed and dignified manner. If, in the course of a week or two, the advices from England should manifest an excitement somewhat similar to that which seems to prevail among our Canadian friends,—for this matter of supposed insult to a flag, is apt to be, however baseless, an excitable one—we judge that any official remonstrance from the British Ministry will be considered in a candid and friendly spirit. This government can have no desire, as it has no motive, to encroach upon the just prerogatives of any neutral power. The only question is, as to what the rights of neutrals really are. That once determined—and our policy should incline us to the most liberal views—the question is susceptible of an easy solution; for we infer that now, as during the administration of Andrew Jackson, "*We ask nothing but what is* RIGHT, *while* determined to submit to nothing that is wrong."

FREMONT.

Why do not our contemporaries now let General Fremont alone? What special object can they have in such talk as we find in the two following paragraphs:—

> The Government is hard at work correcting the blunders of General Fremont. The large army that he had gathered in southwestern Missouri, preparing to give battle to an enemy that was far away, beguiling him onward to destruction in Arkansas, has been sent to St. Louis and other points further east, where it may prove to be much more efficacious.
>
> THE ARMY OF THE WEST.—Since General Hunter has taken command of the army of the west, he has stopped the Quixotic march of Fremont down through southern Missouri and Arkansas for New Orleans. Price retreated before him to get Fremont to march his army so far from his supplies, satisfied that he could cut him off at any point that he chose to make a stand. Fremont had not military brains enough to comprehend Price's strategy, and on he went to his ruin, which his supercedure fortunately prevented. Gen. Hunter immediately stopped this movement, seeing at a glance its great danger, and is about reorganizing the army for an advance down the Mississippi.

Fremont may have been going on to ruin—or he may have been going on to victory. The latter certainly is just as probable as the former.

Public opinion demanded that Fremont should rid Missouri of the enemy. Well, he did it—and now seems to be blamed for it.

Appearances now look a little like a reoccupation of Missouri by the rebels. We suppose that this will be the result of deep strategy on General Hunter's part, and be all right?

We doubt very much that Fremont designed to march down through central or western Arkansas to New Orleans. Our impression is that his plan was to first take Tennessee in the flank, and act thus in conjunction with the expedition down the river. He would hardly have left Price in his rear, however, with no strong corps to hold him in check. Still we do not pretend to judge the strategy which does do such things—only so far as to say that it is probably either very deep, or very shallow; the result will prove which.

Of one thing our contemporaries may be assured, calling movements "blunders," does not make them so; and calling untried Generals, who never commanded a single regiment before this war, "great strategists," does not make them so. All of our Generals are to be tested—and the touchstone of merit is not newspaper panegyric, but success in the field.

CURIOUS ORDER.

> ST. LOUIS, Nov. 21.—Gen. Halleck has issued orders, that, in consequence of important information respecting the numbers and condition of our forces being conveyed to the enemy by fugitive slaves, no such persons shall be hereafter permitted to enter the lines of any camp, nor any forces on the march, and those now within such lines shall be immediately excluded therefrom.

The above is a very curious order. Gen. Thomas goes out West, gets at all the facts, and comes home and publishes to the world an exact statement of the "number and condition" of the army in Missouri.

Now, Gen. Halleck orders that no "fugitive slaves" shall be allowed to enter the lines of any camp, lest they may perhaps do in a bungling manner, on a small scale, what Gen. Thomas did with great accuracy, and on a large one.

But it is evident Gen. Halleck's reasons for the above order are all bosh. Every general who has two ideas, welcomes all deserters and fugitives from the enemy, in order that he may get all the information he can from them. He closes his lines *against their going back*—not against their coming in.

And is it likely that fugitive slaves will run back to their rebel masters? Is that the experience of our generals in Missouri, Virginia and South Carolina?

If this order is with the approval of the government, there can no longer be any question as to the true reason of Fremont's removal.

TOO MUCH BUTTER.

It is a little mortifying in reading the letters from Port Royal, to see the anxiety that Gen. Sherman and some of the naval officers appear to labor under, lest the South Carolinians should possibly impute to them the pillage of Beaufort. The General, for instance, sends Lieut. Wagner with a flag of truce, to find some white Carolinian to deliver his wonderful proclamation to; and also "particularly to state that the ravages at Beaufort were the work of the blacks, and *quite as much regretted by the Unionists as they could be by the South Carolinians;* that we had taken every means to interrupt them in our power, but as we had not occupied Beaufort, could not fairly be held responsible for their continuance."

Lieut. Wagner, after great difficulty, succeeds in finding one man, a clergyman, who is willing, after considerable persuasion, to take hold of the proclamation without using a pair of tongs. Then we are told of two rebel officers, who were "evidently gentlemen":—

> Lieut. Wagner had no absolute business with them, but an interview of half an hour or so took place, at which the clergyman was present. *The officers admitted that the depredations on Beaufort were the work of the blacks, and entirely exculpated our force from any complicity; this was admitted also by Mr. Walker. It was accounted for, by the anxiety of the blacks to preserve the property from falling into the hands of the Federal troops.*

We hope now that the Carolinians will be mollified—being assured that our troops did not pillage Beaufort, and "that we regret it as much as the South Carolinians." It is a pity, however, that the opportunity was not embraced also to inform them that we did not burn Hampton—and that the errand of our troops to South Carolina was generally of a most pacific and amiable character, calculated to revive those old recollections of hospitality to which Gen. Sherman so feelingly alluded.

A COMMON BLUNDER.

In a recent lecture, Mr. R. W. Emerson said:—

> When secession took effect, the influence of slavery was to take away from it all its power. Heretofore, we have set our hands and seals to dishonorable compromises; but now the other party has released us by his own act. Do you suppose we shall crawl into that collar again? *Shall we hereafter allow them their slave representatives—three to five?*

It is curious that a philosopher like Emerson, should have fallen into such a common blunder. Counting five slaves as only three persons in making up the basis of representation, is a blow against, not a favor granted to slavery. Negroes do not vote in Pennsylvania, but every one is counted one in making up the basis of representation. So in the South, if slavery were abolished, the number of their representatives in Congress would be increased, even if their *voting* population were no larger than at present—because every five manumitted negroes would be counted five, instead of three, as they now are. In other words, the Constitution now considers slaves, in one sense, three-fifths persons, and two-fifths property—while free negroes, in the South as in the North, count as much in the basis of representation as so many free white men. The language of the Constitution is:—

> "Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states, &c., according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to *the whole number of free persons*, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, *three-fifths of all other persons.*"

Some of the Mistakes of Educated Men.—We have omitted, through oversight, calling the attention of our readers to the excellent address on the above subject, delivered before the Phrenakosmian Society of Pennsylvania College by Professor Hart, of this city, and published by request of the Society. We may quote one passage, regretting that we have no room for more:—

> You know the proverb about a finished city. A town that is really flourishing always shows signs of incompleteness. There are new houses or blocks of houses going up, old houses being torn down to be enlarged and modernized, and half finished streets piled up with dirt and rubbish. Woe betide the place that is nowhere blocked up with brick and mortar. A town that is finished, that has actually stopped growing, is already in a state of decadence. *We have too many finished men among us,—men who have quietly ceased growing.* It is a mistake. The man who ceases to go up, has begun to go down. There is no being stationary in this matter. If you are not adding to your stock of knowledge, you are losing. The medical man, who merely goes on practising on the knowledge and theory already acquired, who takes no medical journals, and does not keep himself abreast with the general progress of medical science, is inevitably falling behindhand. So with every other profession. If a man gives himself up entirely to his practice, if he becomes a man of mere routine, if he ceases to be in some substantial measure a student, making all the while fresh acquisitions, if he allows himself for one moment to entertain the thought that his professional education is, or ever can be complete, he is making a mistake. He already shows fatal symptoms of decadence.

Senator Wilson.—Gen. Wilson, of Massachusetts, gives the stories relative to his having shoe contracts, or any other contracts with the government, a plump and positive denial. He says:

> I have no contract, I have had no contract, with the government, either directly or indirectly, for shoes, or for anything else; nor have I now, nor have I had, any interest in any contract of any person whatever with the government. I not only have no contract with the government, nor interest in the contracts of others, but no man now has or has had any contract with the government through any agency or influence of mine.—The government, since the 4th of March, has made no contract with any man, for any purpose whatever, through any agency or influence of mine; and it never will make contracts through any agency or influence of mine.

That's what we call the right talk. Gen. Wilson's a trump.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

We read in a recent letter from Baltimore as follows:—

> I might as well, perhaps, have mentioned the names of those who constituted the grand military wedding yesterday. The bride was Miss Mary C. Hardesty, and the groom, Brigadier-General Stoneman, of the regular army. Rev. Dr. Backus solemnized the nuptials. Quite a number of military gentlemen were present; among whom were Col. A. V. Colburn, Col. Hudson and Capt. A. Parks, U. S. A., who acted as groomsmen. Major-General Palmer, Capt. Pleasanton, Lieutenants Alexander and Sumner, and Colonel Van Allen, were also in attendance; with Senators McDougal and Latham, of California. It was a decidedly imposing and beautiful *union* ceremony. The happy couple, with their friends, left for Washington in the afternoon. *I am told not less than twenty fashionable military weddings are to take place in the Federal Capital this fall and winter. No better mode of restoring our Union to harmony could be adopted.*

Quite a pleasant mode of "restoring the Union to harmony," one would think. Mars seems to be having a very nice time of it with Venus at Washington.

Then, again, Mars has his amusing diversions—for we read in a Washington letter:—

> Herrmann, after witnessing the review of the grand army of the Potomac, gave a private prestigitatorial soiree at Gen. McClellan's house to a distinguished party of military guests; and last night, as we learn by telegraph, after his performance, a diplomatic re-union, at which a majority of the foreign ministers were present, as, also, the Prince De Joinville, the Count De Paris, the Duc De Chartres and many other distinguished foreign visitors.

Pretty True.—A writer in Dickens's "All the Year Round," speaking of American musical critics, says:—

> American gentlemen go and hear Italian music because it is the fashion; they buy bad statues because they have no sound principles of taste to guide them; and they give their assent *to vulgar high flown musical criticism*, too affected to be intelligible, and too prejudiced to be just, because they have no time to acquire for themselves any real knowledge of the subject.

That is a good deal truer than it is complimentary.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Seasons with the Sea Horses; Or, Sporting Adventures in the Northern Seas. By James Lamont, Esq., F. G. S. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

"There we hunted the walrus, the narwal and seal,
Aha! 'twas a noble game,
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel." —*Longfellow.*

This, the motto of the title-page, is a compendium of the narrative before us. It is entirely a sportsman's book, written with a slashing, off-hand ease, which is lively and graphic enough,—the style of an adventurous sportsman, not of a student or professed author.

Two ardent and enthusiastic hunters, having satiated themselves, it seems, with the pursuit of the game of the East and South, and with the tamer pleasures of grouse and deer shooting on the Scottish hills, were fired with new ambition upon hearing that "wonderful sport, and of a most original description," was to be met with among the icy wastes of Spitzbergen; whereupon, chartering a small vessel for a summer cruise, they launched themselves at once into the pure delights of slaughtering the harmless amphibia of the northern waters. A concise summary of their summer's work closes the book, copied from a memorandum which they left engraved upon a cabin beam of what Mr. Lamont tenderly denominates their "beastly tub" of a sloop, purporting that Lord David Kenned and James Lamont had killed at Spitzbergen 46 Walruses, 88 Seals, 8 Polar Bears, 1 White Whale, and 61 Reindeer.

As may be judged from this list, the principal part of the book is devoted to narrating the different murders, and commenting on the different degrees of taste and skill displayed in committing them. Some true sportsmen's souls may perhaps swell with enthusiasm at the "stunning sport" of *bagging* two walruses by a right and left shot, and finishing up the bag by a half-dozen seals and a polar bear or so in the same afternoon. For ourselves we may confess to some qualms of disgust over the bloody record. It is a comfort to think that the poor harmless hunted beasts, fleeing farther and farther northward from their persecutor, man, will soon have disappeared beyond the reach of their ruthless enemy; an enemy so barbarous that, unlike the beasts of prey, he kills for the love of killing, and makes the very instincts of maternal and family love weapons against them. We give a specimen of a "splendid dodge" which our ardent and enlightened sportsmen found of great advantage in their sport:—

> "After the cow (walrus) was fast to the harpoon, and was dragging the boat furiously among the icebergs, I was going to shoot her through the head, that we might have time to follow the others; but Christian called to me not to shoot, as she had a 'junger' with her. Although I did not understand his object, I reserved my fire, and upon looking closely at the walrus when she came up to breathe, I then perceived that she held a very young calf under her right arm, and I saw that he wanted to harpoon it: but whenever he poised the weapon to throw, the old cow seemed to watch the direction of it, and interposed her own body, and she seemed to receive with pleasure several harpoons which were intended for the young one. At last a well-aimed dart struck the calf, and we then shortened up the lines attached to the cow and finished her with the lances. Christian now had time and breath to explain to me why he was so anxious to secure the calf, and he proceeded to give me a practical illustration of his meaning by gently 'stirring up' the unfortunate junger with the butt end of a harpoon shaft. This caused the poor little animal to emit a peculiar, grunting, plaintive cry, eminently expressive of alarm and of a desire for assistance, and Christian said it would bring all the herd around the boat immediately. Unfortunately, however, we had been so long in getting hold of our poor little decoy duck, that the others had all gone out of hearing, and they abandoned their young relative to his fate, which quickly overtook him in the shape of a lance thrust from the remorseless Christian."
>
> "I don't think I shall ever forget the faces of the old Walrus and her calf as they looked back at the boat. The countenance of the young one, so expressive of abject terror, and yet of confidence in its mother's power of protecting it, as it swam along under her wing; and the old cow's face showing such reckless defiance for all we could do to herself, and yet such terrible anxiety as to the safety of her calf!"

We may mention that this humane and ingenious "dodge," though not rewarded on this occasion, was frequently used afterwards with signal success.

After this quotation we may perhaps without exciting anyone's indignation, own that we dwelt with complacency on the record of the troubles and sufferings of the two gentlemen in the cabin of their "beastly tub," which was too low to stand up in, too short to lie stretched out in, with no good place to sit down on, as cold as an ice-house, and flavored with an awful effluvia of putrid walrus oil and bilge water. It is pleasant to think that our poor amphibious friends had not *all* the suffering, while furnishing all the sport.

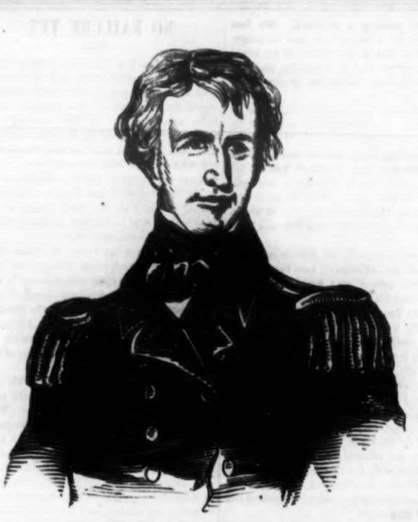
Mr. Lamont, who appends the letters F. G. S. to his name, felt bound to make some geological researches on the shores of Spitzbergen, but, so far as appears here, with no very important or interesting result. Indeed the crudity and naivete of his scientific researches and philosophical opinions rather provoke a smile.

He insists that the theory of an Open Sea around the Pole is "a mere chimera," for no better reason, apparently, than that neither he nor any of the "intelligent and practical men" he had consulted on the subject, had ever seen anything of the kind. The inductions of Maury and other writers from what is known relative to the warm currents toward the Pole, which seem to support the theory of the Open Sea, are not mentioned at all.

Our author also commits himself in warm support of the theory of Progressive Development, a la Darwin and the author of Vestiges of Creation, insisting that because the walrus forms "an unmistakable link between the animals inhabiting the land and the cetacea or whales," *therefore* it has been the one and may be the other.

This remarkable *non sequiter* becomes more entertaining as he proceeds to trace the steps of progression backwards, and actually derives the walrus from a race of bears, who, driven for many generations to seek their food in the water, gradually learned to dive, to stay under longer and longer, while the canine teeth by use gradually lengthened into tusks, the legs by lack of use grew more into the resemblance of fins, and behold! a walrus. How the bears grew up from fishes in the first place, our ingenious theorist neglects to inform us. It is the old story of the old woman teaching her grandson about the earth, which, she told him, was a flat plain, resting on a "tremendous great big elephant." "But, granny, what does the elephant stand on?" "A great turtle, child." "And what is under that?" "A big rock." "And under that?" "Another rock." "But, granny, what does the last rock stand on?" "Laws bless you, child, there's rocks *all the way down.*"

Unless the advocates of Progressive Development can argue with the consistency and perseverance of the old woman, they must finally land on the rock they seem so much to dread, original creation, and then we fail to see the point gained by diminishing the number of things created. "God made a little of me," said a little boy, proudly, "but I growed the rest myself." Precisely this, and no more, is claimed for the universe by the theorists of whom Mr. Lamont is a disciple. But to minds who see and acknowledge in subsistence perpetual creation, each heart-throb which sends new life, new growth to any living organism is no whit less a miracle than if its flood was then first poured into living courses. To such, the natural laws seem no blind and inexorable forces, once put in motion, and then left to their own workings, but the continual orderly manifestations of Divine Providence; and the beginning is not more wonderful than the ultimates which we see and know.



CAPTAIN CHARLES WILKES.

Commodore Wilkes, who is in command of the San Jacinto, and who assumed the responsibility of the important act of securing the persons of Slidell and Mason, will be remembered as the commander of the great exploring expedition of twenty odd years gone by, and the fruits of which are seen in the ten octavo volumes prepared by him for the government. He is an able and loyal officer, very decided in character and determined in purpose. The present Secretary of the Navy selected him as one of the officers to destroy certain government vessels in Norfolk harbor and the navy-yard there soon after the commencement of the rebellion. There, with Lieut. Phelps and others, at a most important moment, he rendered most efficient service.

Soon after he was selected to go to Africa to bring home one of the naval squadron on that station. Several of the vessels stationed there have preceded him. The San Jacinto has been expected at this port for some time, and his family, whose home is in Washington, has been awaiting his arrival for several weeks. It was known, however, by them and others that he was upon the watch for the rebel steamers Nashville or Theodora. The United States Consul at Cuba has had communication with him in regard to the seizure of the very men whom he has now made prisoners of war.

The Trent is not, as has been supposed, an intercolonial steamer, plying between the West India Islands. She is a British international packet, carrying the British mails, and plying between Southampton, (England) Vera Cruz, Havana, St. Thomas, and thence back to Southampton.

It is stated, upon authority, that "all the papers and documents" belonging to Messrs. Slidell and Mason, as envoys from the Confederate states to foreign powers, were taken by Captain Wilkes, and forwarded to the State Department. The documents, &c., are said to be voluminous, and will be very interesting. Though they may not be published now, they may be laid before Congress. It is stated, however, that the members of the family of the ministers proceeded on their voyage in the British packet, and it is surmised that any Confederate instructions to the ministers may have been committed to them, and have thus escaped publicity.

The Last Political Writings of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, U. S. A. With a Sketch of his Life and Military Services. New York: Rudd & Carleton. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

An extraordinary degree of attention has been drawn to General Lyon; the sorrow for his death is deep at the nation's heart. When we look for the cause of this public feeling in the records of his life, we find it in the purity and fervor of his patriotism, and the true, manly worth of his character, lighted up to the gaze of all his country by the most brilliant soldierly qualities—clearness of intellect and spirit, and energy and promptitude in action. When the union cause in Missouri was endangered by the wiles of secessionists, he penetrated their falseness instinctively, and baffled their plans by his quick, decided movements. He loved his country too well to be deceived as to who were her friends and who her enemies. The political papers which his death has brought into notice are chiefly interesting as showing his mastery of the great questions of the day—his clear comprehension of the issues which have now come to the decision of the sword. A true Northerner, he intelligently preferred liberty as his country's best good, and was ready to lay down his life in the sacred struggle for those institutions which secured it.

In the volume before us, we find that the Hon. George Bancroft speaks of General Lyon, in a note to the editor, as one "whose military services were beyond all praise; whose character, as you described it to me, was beautifully earnest; and whose sad death reflects infinite honor on his own memory, and, I fear, shame on those who left him to fall a martyr to his duty, his patriotism, his zeal, and the disinterested, natural self-sacrificing element of his character."

A portrait engraved on steel, from a photograph, embellishes the volume.

The Atlantic Monthly, for December, contains the usual number of able and interesting articles.

It has been officially ascertained that the Government has now in the field and camp, and in process of formation, 600,000 volunteers (doubtful) and the enlistments for the regular service are more numerous than heretofore. 52,000 are said to be cavalry.

☞ "Mynheer, do you know what for we call our boy Hans?" "I do not, really." "Well, I will tell you. Der reason we call our boy Hans is—it is his name."

HOLMAN HUNT'S "LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The engraving from this picture preserves well the spirit of the original. Stepping into Earle's Gallery the other day we saw it for the first time, and were struck with the success of the engraver in this main point of his art—fidelity to the vital meaning of the painter. And this differs from any other idea we have seen of the Lord as He appeared on earth. Not the most perfect, serene, heavenly countenance that imagination has power to embody—so have some artists delighted to paint Him; but the "Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," and gleaming from His deep eyes that crowning sorrow, "We hid, as it were, our faces from Him." That look pierces the heart; that superhuman pain borne for us—the anguish of a father who sees his child rushing to certain destruction, refusing to lay hold upon infinite bliss, and choosing instead the downward path to infinite woe. It is the Saviour as we oftenest need to see Him, as the Comforter; for on this earth there is far more pain than pleasure, and the longer we live in it the darker glooms over us at times that nightmare vision—a world lying in wickedness, and whelmed in suffering, the innocent and the guilty together. We need to feel that the Lord is there—that we are not alone in suffering; that His pity sounds its lowest depth.

It is the sweetest of the sweet uses of adversity that through it we grow into unity with the heart of Christ—the heart that so loved the world. It does not seem possible truly to feel for the hard lot of the Lord's little ones without tasting some of its bitterness ourselves. And so tasting, we enter into sympathy, and ask, as the mortally sick for a physician, "What help? what hope?" Philanthropists of the Fourier school start with the old Jewish question—"Is this He that should come, or look we for another? One of our young writers, in a tale called "Life in the Iron Mills," full of true feeling for the poor, expressed with eloquent intensity, has this passage:—

> "What will this lowest deep—thieves, Magdalens, negroes—do with the light filtered through ponderous Church creeds, Baconian theories, Gœthe schemes? Some day, out of their bitter need will be thrown up their own light-bringer—their Jean Paul, their Cromwell, their Messiah."

If there had been hanging upon the walls of this young writer's study a copy of Hunt's picture, those eyes looking down upon him with the perfect sympathy of a human brother, with the infinite power of the Lord Himself, and pain that compasses the whole bitterness of mortality—the piercing of the crown of thorns, flashing from their depths like a sword, he might have read in them the answer to *all* the needs of humanity—the sufficient answer, and of instant avail, if the door would but open—that dreadful door of man's free will that bars out the Healer. There stands the Light of the world, the Friend of the poor, of the lowest poor especially, because of their bitter need. He has sounded all possibilities of suffering; He can minister to all. So should the Saviour of men be pictured.

THE MASON AND SLIDELL AFFAIR.

The Tribune's Washington correspondent says:—

> "Lord Lyons has not behaved like a diplomatist since the news that Mason and Slidell were on their way to Fort Warren. Although necessarily silent in his official capacity, unofficially he is almost impertinent in his conversation. He assumes that there can be no question between his government and ours, for the reason that the United States must yield the point in controversy, will disavow the act of Captain Wilkes, and must return Mason and Slidell to the bosom of the only power which seems heartily to desire the dismemberment of this great republic. Edward Everett, Edwin M. Stanton, and Reverdy Johnson have expressed the opinion that our right to take and keep Mason and Slidell was unquestionable."

The correspondent of the Herald says:—

> "The seizure of my Lord Mason and Monsieur Slidell, on board of the British mail steamer Trent, has produced an unusual degree of fluttering among the whole diplomatic corps here to day. Without waiting to ascertain how far the act of Captain Wilkes is justified by the acknowledged and established principles of international law, some of the ministers from foreign parts have allowed themselves to be betrayed into expressions exhibiting infinitely more passion and prejudice than judgment and diplomatic intelligence. The representative of one power has openly declared that if Mason and Slidell had been taken from a Spanish vessel he would have immediately demanded his passports.* Lord Lyons is said to have assumed a menacing tone, and to have declared that the prisoners must be given up, or ample reparation made for the offence offered to the dignity of the British crown. Nothing of this kind has been officially intimated, but in ordinary intercourse these expressions of disapprobation and hostility have been unguardedly made."

* Since denied.—*Ed. Post.*

Mittens for the Soldiers.—There is a ready, easy and economical mode of supplying, at an early day, all the soldiers with mittens, which may be generally adopted by persons who are disposed to add to the comforts of those who are sustaining the Government on the field of battle. The woolen cast-off clothing which is usually cut into carpet rags, or sent to the rag bag to be converted into "shoddy" by unscrupulous manufacturers, is an excellent material for mittens. In every family the old clothes which are thrown away, can be used. Any one can cut out a pair of gloves or a pair of mittens from these pieces of cloth, and make them up in a very short time, into a good, warm and serviceable covering for the hands. The advantage would be, abundant material at hand, and thousands of hands at work, for there is scarcely a house in which, from material so cheaply supplied, there could not at least be one pair of hands engaged in making a pair of cloth gloves, which would not take long to furnish an abundant supply to the army, long before ordinary manufactories could supply them.

Removal of the Rebel Capital to Nashville.—Baltimore, Nov. 25.—The Richmond Enquirer says the rebel Congress has passed a bill for the removal of the capital from Richmond to Nashville, and Congress will soon assemble there.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM MISSOURI.

The Advance of the Rebels—Ben McCulloch at Springfield.

Rolla, Mo., Nov. 23.—Gen. McCulloch, with a large force of rebels, is now encamped between Springfield and Lebanon. His pickets extended last night over a space of fifteen miles this side of Lebanon. This intelligence is reliable. It was rumored in camp last night that the advance of the rebels, 800 strong, was at the Gasconade river, about thirteen miles west of here, but the report is not credited.

BURNING OF WARSAW.

Later.—Sedalia, Nov. 24.—The town was fired about 6 o'clock, P. M., on Thursday. All the business portion of the town is in ashes. The troops which were stationed there left about 8 o'clock P. M., and are now here. A portion of the commissary stores, for which we had no transportation, were burned by order of the commanding officer. It is thought by the officer in command, that the town was fired by the citizens, as a man in citizen's dress was seen running from the building in which the fire first commenced.

A Battery on the James River Silenced.—Fortress Monroe, Nov. 23, via Baltimore.—About midnight on Friday, the U. S. gunboat Cambridge proceeded up James River as far as Warwick and engaged a rebel battery. No particulars have transpired further than that the rebel battery replied with spirit, but was finally silenced.

The Cambridge is said to have received one shot, but no particular damage.

Our Eastern Shore Expedition has resulted in the capture of three rebel officers—a captain and two lieutenants—and seven pieces of artillery. All traces of disloyalty have disappeared, and the people are about to hold county meetings, to renew allegiance.

The government has resolved upon the immediate opening of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad through its whole length and its efficient protection.

The Steamer San Jacinto at Boston—Mason and Slidell Lodged in Fort Warren.—Boston, Nov. 24.—The U. S. steamer San Jacinto arrived here early this morning, after landing Mason, Slidell and suite at Fort Warren. The ship is anchored off the Navy Yard.

By the steamer Etna, at New York, we have later news from Europe. The British part of the naval expedition to Mexico had been detained by stormy weather. The French part was to sail immediately. It was reported to be at the instigation of England that the United States was invited to join. The Spanish journals talk of a probable Spanish protectorate as the result of the expedition.

JEFF. DAVIS'S MESSAGE.

Davis has sent his message into the Rebel Congress. He says they are getting along very finely—thinks the recent arrest of Slidell and Mason would disgrace a barbarous nation, &c.

"If," he says, further on, "we husband our means, and make a judicious use of our resources, it would be difficult to fix a limit to the period during which we could conduct a war against the adversary whom we now encounter. The very efforts which he makes to isolate and invade us must exhaust his means, whilst they serve to complete the circle and diversify the productions of our industrial system. The reconstruction which he seeks to effect by arms, becomes daily more and more impossible. Not only do the causes which induced us to separate, still exist in full force, but they have been strengthened, and whatever doubt may have lingered in the minds of any, must have been completely dispelled by subsequent events. If, instead of being a dissolution of a league, it were indeed a rebellion in which we are engaged, we must find ample vindication for the course we have adopted in the scenes which are now being enacted in the United States. *Our people now look with contemptuous astonishment on those with whom they have been so recently associated. They shrink with aversion from the bare idea of renewing such a connection,*" etc. "With such a people we may be content to live at peace; but the separation is final, and for the independence we have asserted, we will accept no alternative."

Effect of Mr. Seward's Circular to the President.—The London Times of the 5th has a long article upon Mr. Seward's circular to the Governors of the seaboard states in relation to the necessity of defending our harbors. It charges him with attempting to "get up a quarrel between England and the United States," and insists that although the terms of the circular are general, "nobody can doubt that England is the Power alluded to." The article closes thus: "In this country there never has been the slightest idea of intervening in any way with the American quarrel. Our interests are not identical with either side, and there is little in the case to evoke our sympathies. Were there more, it is no longer our practice to plunge into a war for sympathies and antipathies. But if we were the children, thoughtless, reckless and impulsive, which Mr. Seward presumes us to be, if the eloquence of two or three gentlemen from the southern states, who can tell us nothing we do not know already, either about our wants, or their power of supplying them; about the causes of the war, or the motives by which they are actuated—could induce us to plunge into the conflict, what possible gain could we hope for ourselves by invading from the north the great, populous, and agricultural state of N. York, peopled to a great extent by emigrants from these islands, and presenting to us nothing but the certainty of a brave and vigorous resistance to a wanton and objectless invasion. It is really too much that we should be compelled to defend ourselves against such insinuations. We have issued no anonymous pamphlets foreshadowing the absorption of friendly states; we maintain no enormous army thirsting for pay and for plunder; we desire nothing but peace with all the world, and, as we have repeatedly shown, with no country so much as with the United States."

☞ The great cry is, with everybody, "Get on! get on!" just as if the world were a travelling post. How astonished people will be, when they arrive in Heaven, to find the angels, who are so much wiser, laying no schemes to be made archangels!

Eat only what is proper food;
Drink only that which does you good,
Spend only what you can afford,
Lend only what will be restored;
Then you will have no cause to say,
I was a fool on yesterday.

☞ Some music teacher once wrote that the "art of playing on the violin requires the nicest perception and the most sensibility of any art in the known world." Upon which an editor comments in the following manner:—"The art of publishing a daily newspaper and making it pay, and at the same time have it please everybody, beats fiddling higher than a kite."

THE WATCHERS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Beside a stricken field I stood;
On the torn turf, on grass, on wood,
Hung heavily the dew of blood.

Still in their fresh mounds lay the slain;
But all the air was quick with pain
And gusty sighs and tearful rain.

Two angels, each with drooping head
And folded wings and noiseless tread,
Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead saintly bland,
And lips of blessing, not command,
Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brows were scarred and knit;
His restless eyes were watch-fires lit,
His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

"How long!"—I knew the voice of Peace;
"Is there no respite?—no release?
When shall the hopeless quarrel cease?

"Oh, Lord, how long!—One human soul
Is more than any parchment scroll,
Or any flag the winds unroll.

"What price was Ellsworth's, young and brave?
How weigh the gift that Lyon gave?
Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave?

"Oh brother! if thine eye can see,
Tell how and when the end shall be;
What hope remains for thee or me."

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun
When human rights are staked and won.

"I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock;
I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock;
I walked with Sidney to the block.

"The moor of Marston felt my tread;
Through Jersey snows the march I led;
My voice Magenta's charges sped.

"But now, through weary day and night,
I watch a vague and aimless fight
For leave to strike one blow aright.

"On either side my foe they own:
One guards through love his ghastly throne,
And one through fear to reverence grown.

"Why wait we longer, mocked, betrayed
By open foes, or those afraid
To speed thy coming through my aid?

"Why watch to see who win or fall?—
I shake the dust against them all;
I leave them to their senseless brawl."

"Nay," Peace implored: "yet longer wait;
The doom is near, the stake is great;
God knoweth if it be too late.

"Still wait and watch; the way prepare
Where I, with folded wings of prayer,
May follow, weaponless and bare."

"Too late!" the stern, sad voice replied;
"Too late!" its mournful echo sighed;
In low lament the answer died.

A rustling as of wings in flight,
An upward gleam of lessening white,
So passed the vision, sound and sight.

But round me, like a silver bell
Hung down the listening sky to tell
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

"Still hope and trust," it sang; "the rod
Must fall, the wine-press must be trod;
But all is possible with God!" —*Independent.*

SCHOOL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is forty years ago, I was a little girl then, and now I am an old woman, still I often find myself thinking of the old school house, and the merry playmates who thought much more of play than of study.

One warm afternoon in summer I will never forget. It had been not only a warm, but a hot day, indeed the weather had been oppressive for a week past, and now it was Friday afternoon. We all felt tired and cross, both teacher and pupils. Nothing funny had occurred all day to amuse us, or we could have borne the heat and confinement better. Our short "playspell" was over for the afternoon, I believe it is called "recess" now-a-days, but it was "playspell" then.

In one hour more we might hope to be released, not to return to our prison for two whole days. Delightful thought. Had we been told that this was our last day of school, we would have rejoiced at the tidings. Alas, one of our thoughtless group did indeed return no more.

Our teacher was one of those stiff, unsympathizing beings who so strangely mistake their vocation when they become teachers.

We could not love him, but we did fear him.

This was the only school in the village, and all the children who went to school at all, attended our school. Poor little barefooted boys and girls who walked two miles every morning, brought their dinner-baskets with them, and oh, what nice green apples they sometimes had hid away for some of us who were not so fortunate as to have "heaps of apples at home."

We all sat in one room, big and little, young and old, and some were men and women grown.

The little A B C class sat in front, right under the cold, stern eye of the "master." Next to them the spelling class, and so on to the very highest, and those who owned copy-books sat facing the wall, along which stood the high writing-desks. One window only on that side gave light for us to write by, and on a dark day there would generally be considerable "scrouging" to get near it. Many a sly trick, many a funny picture, and many a smothered laugh came off at that desk—for you see, our backs were toward "the master."

A greasy bucket of water sat on a bench in the middle of the room, and continually did the old dipper tinkle against its side as it was thrown down with what water remained in it after drinking. By the time the water became low in the pail, it was pretty well mixed after washing so many pairs of lips, and then what a scuffle to see who might go out after more. Even the largest girls would sometimes go up and demurely ask the master if they might not go after fresh water, and what a long time they tarried at the spring.

But on this August afternoon the bucket was dry, and no one was allowed to re-fill it. Some poor little fellows on the front seat were rubbing their knuckles in their eyes, and sniffing loudly.

"Silence, all! First class prepare to read," said our teacher, and about a dozen of the highest class stood up with our "English Readers" open in our hands.

"Obeisance," and at the word a low bow and deep curtsey followed. "Begin," and I led off with—

"The dew was falling fast," &c., &c.

This was a favorite lesson of mine, and I read it off glibly, with all the sing-song tone of a first-rate reader in a country school.

My one verse ended, and the word of command was again given, "Next," and another verse was read. We were under good military rule—nothing was done without an order. We had advanced as far as where "little Barbary" was telling the lamb how her father had brought it home, &c., when buz, buz, sounded over our heads, and a monstrous horse fly came thump against our solemn teacher's nose.

A broad grin from the whole class, and a dark frown from our teacher, then a stately "Proceed," and another verse was read. But the reader's voice trembles, for again came the fly in the teacher's face. He raised his hand to strike it, but the fly was gone.—"Take your seats," said he, in a voice of thunder, that made us tremble, and the little ones cry. It was soon discovered that the fly was let out, or drawn in, by some other will than its own, and every eye was soon turned on the "bad boy" of our class, a wild, mischievous fellow, Harmon Bates. He was looking very demure, with his hands behind him, and the poor fly was by this time bumping against the window, drawing after it a thread several yards in length, yet it was Harmon who had managed to catch the fly during "recess," and tying a long thread to a pin, had thrust the pin through the body of the fly, and then hid it in his pocket until an opportunity should offer when it could be let out at the master.

It was a cruel act, no doubt, but Harmon was so thoughtless, and would do anything for fun.

We knew now that a long lecture awaited us; that not only Harmon, but all of us, must remain to listen to it, and we were so tired already.

Several little girls were crying, some because the poor fly was in misery, and some because they wanted to go home. "Harmon, go release that fly. Now, take your stand on the dunce block, your proper place."

He was obeyed.

There was very little smiling now in the school-room. The lessons went on as usual, our class had only to spell, and there we all sat watching Harmon, who stood making faces at us and at the teacher when his back was turned.

We wondered what his punishment was to be, and whether it would take place that day. We were all very unhappy, and scarcely dared to raise our hands to wipe the perspiration from our faces. At length the lessons were all finished and the lecture began. I do not intend to repeat it, but will leave you to imagine all the cruel things that could be said by an offended teacher.

The denunciations heaped upon the head of that "cruel boy" were dreadful. But I fear we thought the teacher full as cruel as the boy, for we did not love him, and we did love our fun-loving companion. At length he ended with, "And now, sir, put yourself in the place of that fly! think what it suffered! how would you like to have a sharp instrument thrust through your body? Think of that, sir, and sleep this night if you can!"

Slowly and in order we took down our hats and bonnets, piled up our books and slates, walked to the door, made our usual formal obeisance, and made our escape from that terrible eye.

Once clear of the door and all order was lost, we shouted, jumped, and ran, quite forgetting the heat of the day that had so greatly depressed us; and the frowns that has caused us to tremble.

Harmon was wilder than ever, he had escaped so much better than he expected.—"Sleep," said he, "well I rather guess I shall if I did stick a fly. Ha, ha," and he bounded over the fence to find a ball he hid at noon under a pile of boards. They were boards torn from some old building and full of nails. As Harmon sprang carelessly over the fence he gave a terrific scream, and we all gathered about him. Poor fellow, his punishment had come now in earnest. He was unable to draw up his right foot, for a long rusty nail had pierced it through and through. We could see the nail sticking through the top of the foot between the toes. At last one of the larger boys succeeded in drawing away the board, nail and all. We did not call the teacher, who was still in the school-house. We thought he would feel rather pleased at the time, but I think we did him injustice there. We felt pleased to see that the foot did not bleed; only one or two drops of black blood oozed out of the wound.

Harmon laughed as soon as he got over his first fright, and limped away to his home, only a short distance, but it must have pained him sadly.

Did we all think of the fly? Not immediately, but when we came to relate it, the fly, the lecture, the accident; it all seemed to fit together like a made up story, and some were unkind enough to say "it was good enough for him."

Children are happy, careless creatures, and I think we played just as hard on Saturday as if Harmon had been with us. We had heard that he did *not sleep well*, and we could not expect him to play with that sore foot; but I recollect seeing him on Saturday sitting in the door, making a windmill. His foot was done up in a large cloth, and he laughingly told me that he had given all his bread and milk to his foot that evening, and that he meant to have something better for his supper.

We did not see him, nor hear from him on Sunday; and on Monday he was not at school.

On taking my usual seat in the school on Monday, the first thing I noticed was the pin with the string tied to it lying on my desk. I took it up and with a smile handed it to Louisa Bates, Harmon's sister; I felt frightened when she threw it from her and burst into tears.

About the middle of the forenoon Louisa was called out of school; her brother was worse. Our school was very orderly and quiet that morning, and our teacher seemed kinder than usual. He punished no one, and spoke softly when he did speak at all. We could not study, but we could be quiet.

At noon it was known all over the village that poor Harmon Bates was dying of lock-jaw. We were told in the afternoon that there would be no more school that week. Our teacher spent the night with his now unconscious pupil, and at daybreak poor Harmon died in his arms.

It was a sad funeral; the scholars walked in procession with the teacher at their head, and we all loved him better for the tears that fell from his eyes as he took a last look at our lost playfellow.

I think we understood each other better after that, fewer tricks were played upon our teacher, and he was more forgiving.

This is a plain statement of facts. No doubt many will remember, as I do, that warm summer day, and its sad ending. We are scattered far and wide, and know each other no more, but we do not forget our school days and the playmates of our youth.

AUNT ALICE.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

We have it! The National Hymn which didn't reach the Five Hundred Dollar Committee, has at last been sent to us. It comes from a place where some people would last look for a good thing—the city of Washington—and we accept it as an evidence of the returning loyalty of that treason-tainted abode of rebel spies and she-secessionists. It has the right ring, and that indispensable accompaniment of a good national song, a smashing chorus. It is too good to be given to our readers all at once; we shall deal it out by installments. Thus it commences:

Come, good folks all, both great and small,
And listen to my song;
If you've got a little time to spare,
I won't detain you long.
'Tis of a Flag, a nation's brag,
The Union and the Constitution.
Oh! the Stars and Stripes must wave
'Till the day of Resurrection.
With a whack Row de dow,
Till the day of Resurrection;
With a whack Row de dow,
Nip up de dooden do.

Isn't that a rousing chorus? How the stentorian voices of our patriotic soldiers will come down on the "*Whack* row de-dow," and with what a grace will they finish off with the tripping, "Nip up de dooden do!" The next verse is better still:

There's Stringham of the Navy,
Oh! he is pumpkins few;
He gave those tar and pitch pine boys
A dish of Navy Stew;
And at Hatteras light,
Oh! 't was a sight
To see the boys so dashing,
Go in and give those demagogues
A good old family thrashing.
With a whack Row de dow, &c.

But the last verse is best of all:

Down South there's General Beauregard
With his bully little crew,
Who says he'll make us Northern folks
"Nip up de dooden do;"
But I guess as how
The rebel rout
Had better mind what they're about;
For they'll find that General McClellan
Will be ready in a fight to give 'em
Whack row de dow,
Till the day of Resurrection;
With a whack Row de dow,
Nip up de dooden do.

—*Portland Transcript.*

THE MOTHERS OF TO-DAY.

The spectacle presented in our country to-day, in one of its aspects, is sublime. Sitting in her peaceful home, with her children safe around her, or abroad under the sure protection of just laws, our American mother has mused wonderingly over that heroism of Revolutionary times which armed the son, and sent him forth, to fight in the battles of his country. Admiration filled her heart—there was something saintly in the words, "Our Revolutionary Mothers." But she did not feel strong enough for a like trial. The bare idea of a war, in which her son would be called forth, sent a shiver through her heart.

But how is it now? Where stands the mother to-day? Is she holding back her jewels?—is she hiding her precious things? Not so, but giving them freely to her country. It is wonderful how quickly she has risen to the sublime self-abnegation demanded by the times—how calmly, yet resolutely, she binds his armor upon her boy, and sends him forth with prayer and blessing.

There are few homes from which has not gone out a son, and few of these in which a reluctant heart is left behind. Our mothers are equal to their high duty, and strong enough for any sacrifice their country, in this hour of its trial, may demand. Life is dear; but honor, and duty, and the destiny of unborn millions, are dearer still. Brave mothers make invincible sons. Has the world seen braver mothers than to-day, all over our land, look afar to camp and army, praying first for victory, and next for the safety of their beloved ones?

NO FAILURE YET.

Certain London journals, written in the interests of English tories and of European aristocracy generally, have been pleased to repeat for some years that popular institutions were on trial in this country; and since the outbreak of the Southern rebellion they have assumed that the trial has terminated with a signal and overwhelming verdict against the popular theory. The great Republic is dead, said the Times, with ill-concealed joy, and all the little papers at once took up the cry, as if it had proclaimed an assured and incontestable fact.

Now we have no desire to boast in the face of these complacent judges, but when the scheme of popular government is so industriously and invidiously assailed on all sides, we are forced to recall the history of its workings upon this continent, to show by the actual results that the principles upon which it was founded are still worthy of every confidence.

It is scarcely eighty years since this grand experiment of the government of the people by themselves was here undertaken. Within that short period of time the freedom guaranteed to every man by our institutions has allowed us to clear and prepare for human use a territory equal in extent to that of the largest empire of the Old World. Every part of it has been dotted by thriving villages, intersected by canals, and bound together by the iron bands of the railroad. We have one metropolitan city, like London and Paris, but we have besides a dozen other cities that are the equals, in trade and proportions, of any of the secondary cities of Europe. Our commerce has reached an amount of tonnage which is greater than the measure of Great Britain, the most commercial nation of the world. Our agricultural labor is now the hope of mankind, and for two years past has turned the current of the world's exchanges in our favor. In a word, the annual product of the United States is nearly equivalent to that of the foremost of the European nations, which possess a larger population and have the accumulated capital of a thousand years to work upon.

Nor are these prodigious material results to be ascribed alone to our fortunate physical position. This Western continent, it is true, is both large and prolific; its soils are fertile; its climates genial, and its connections, by vast water-courses, easy; but its resources, great as they are, could only have been developed as they have been under the influences of that peculiar system of government which has given us Federal union with individual freedom. The former has made us a peaceful nation: the latter has rendered us energetic men. By the Union we have been preserved from intestine wars, and by the liberality of our policy we have been enabled to educe every power of man and society. Nowhere on the face of the earth have those great elements of well-being, which are universally regarded as the marks of an advancing civilization—wealth, comfort, education, order and religion—been so generally diffused as in the United States. Other nations may have more opulent capitalists, more learned scholars, more skillful artists, and more culture and refinement in certain circles of society, but these are exceptional and exclusive cases, while the masses of their people are ignorant, poor, degraded, superstitious and stagnant.

There can be no better proof of the difference between our popular government and the governments of the Old World, than their relative costliness. The armies they are compelled to support, as defences against the aggressions of each other, or against the turbulence of their people; their enormous establishments of sinecure nobles; the multitude of functionaries made necessary by complicated laws; and their swarms of poor, compel an almost incredible expenditure. Take a single instance: Great Britain is by no means the most expensive of the nations, yet Great Britain spends an income of over three hundred million dollars per annum; while, besides this, it was stated at the recent meeting of the British Association that her taxpayers had paid, in the last ten years, the immense sum of £90,000,000 sterling, or four hundred and sixty million dollars, for the support of paupers.

Their extravagance is mostly wasted on the few; but the outlays of a popular society look to other ends. The support and spread of education is one of these; and here we find that while the educational system of England is still in the most wretched state, our own, established by the will, paid for by the money, and guarded by the loving care of the people, is the most liberal, the most wisely conducted, and the best in the world. So excellent is it in every way, that foreign nations have taken it for their model. Wherever a new settlement is formed in the United States, there are found the school and the church; and while, in 1850, less than five per cent. of our population was counted "illiterate" in the census returns, in 1845 over forty per cent. of men and women in England and Wales, when married, signed a mark in the register.

Charitable institutions, again, are another test of the real influences of a form of government upon a nation. Our superiority to European nations is here undisputed. Our asylums for the blind are models on which the French have formed theirs; in our insane asylums the mild and rational treatment of those unfortunate beings was first widely carried out; and the systems adopted by our teachers for the deaf and dumb is the most judicious known.

Our prison system, too, has won the plaudits of foreigners. Commissions have been sent hither by the British and French governments, to examine and report, and their reports give it the highest praise; while the Prussian government has even founded its new system upon ours. Badly as the city of New York has been misgoverned, its noble charities have never been neglected, and are to-day the admiration of all intelligent foreign visitors.

These are, perhaps, the severest tests of the beneficence of popular government. They are concerns which might easily be neglected. They were neglected for centuries by nations, like Great Britain, which boasted of their superior civilization; they have been cherished by the *people* of the United States with an unfailing care, from the very beginning of our history. At the very time when Sydney Smith wrote of England, ruled by its aristocracy, "there is no Protestant country in the world where the education of the poor has been so grossly and infamously neglected as here," though the United States were yet in their infancy, and burdened with a heavy debt, the system of free schools which now gives every American—in the free States, at least—the rudiments of an education, was not only begun, but perfected in the older States. It is but simple truth to say that our example, in schools, charitable institutions and prisons, has forced the governing classes of Europe to improve their own, and thus give benefits to their people which before they selfishly withheld.

Not that Americans are wiser or more charitable than other men, but that the whole effect of popular institutions is to give free scope to the ingenuity, the talent, the ambition and the benevolence of their subjects. Are we not justly called a nation of inventors, for example? Fulton gave the world the first steamboat; Morse the first telegraph; Whitney the cotton-gin, on which Britain's greatness is founded; Hoe the lightning-presses on which the London Times condescends to be printed; Colt the revolving arms which British officers found indispensable in the Crimea and in India; and an American citizen, Ames, of Chicopee, invented and made for the British government the complicated and beautiful arms manufacturing machinery which is now set up at the Woolwich armory; and an American machinist was sent over to put it in operation. An American (Goodyear) first made India rubber available for the thousand uses which it is now put to in all the world; an American (Howe) invented the sewing-machine, which is said to the greatest boon conferred upon womankind; an American (McCormick) invented the reapers and mowers with which Englishmen gather their harvests; an American built the first railroad in Russia; another took the contract to raise the sunken men-of-war in the harbor of Sebastopol; and American labor-saving machinery has taken prizes in every fair in Europe. What is the secret of this? Simply that our institutions open a free theatre to all men for the exercise of their best abilities.

Thus, for eighty years, under the protection and stimulus of popular institutions we have gone forward clearing and settling the land, developing skill, acquiring science, diffusing comfort to the millions, educating and refining the masses, and enjoying in peace whatever good thing industry, intelligence, order and the practice of virtue can purchase; but because at the end of this time a single class has taken the occasion of an inevitable change in the political preponderance of a certain section to organize an armed revolt against a government which they themselves admitted to be the most beneficent ever devised, we are told that the republic has failed, that democracy is a mistake, and that the United States can only be saved by a recurrence to effete monarchical and aristocratic institutions.

Have *they* never experienced revolts? Is not civil war their chronic state? Are they not now supported by bayonets? Is not our crisis, the only trying one we have ever had, their normal condition? Yet, forsooth, because of a temporary interruption to our triumphant career, we must go back to the antiquated and oppressive political artifices of the Old World.

No: the same energy which has made us the nation that we are will bring us out of this trouble. Wait until we shall have entered into the arts of war, as we have entered into the arts of peace, if you would see what popular government can do. As yet, we have scarcely drawn off our gloves; we have scarcely believed in the existence of the evil that threatened us, so strange, so unexpected was it; but we see it at last, and the young, unworn, indomitable republic means to fight as she has worked, until the monster that suddenly assailed her is as dead as the dragon of Wantley.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

MAN-EATING HYENAS.

There are man-eaters among the hyenas, and these hominivorous animals are greatly dreaded, on account of the exceeding stealthiness and craft with which they achieve their object. They very seldom endeavor to destroy the adult men and women, but limit their attacks to the young and defenceless children. On dark nights, the hyena is greatly to be feared, for he can be guided to his prey by the light of the nocturnal fires, which do not daunt an animal that is possessed by this fearful spirit of destructiveness, and at the same time can make his cautious approach unseen. As the family are lying at night, buried in sleep, the hyena prowls round the enclosure, and on finding a weak spot, the animal pushes aside the wattle-bands of which the fence is made, and quietly creeps through the breach. Between the human inhabitants and the fence, the cattle are picketed by night, and would form an easy prey to the hyena, if he chose to attack them. But he slips cautiously amid the sleeping beasts, and makes his way to the spot where lies a young child, wrapped in deep slumber. Employing the same silent caution, the hyena quietly withdraws the sleeping child from the protecting cloak of its mother, and makes its escape with its prey before it can be intercepted. With such marvellous caution does this animal act, that it has often been known to remove an infant from the house without even giving the alarm.—*Routledge's Illustrated Natural History.*

☞ By a Widow.—The only true cord of sympathy—the cord of wood.

They Tell Me That the Hand of Time.

They tell me that the hand of Time
Has rudely swept aside
The lustre of thy youthful brow,
Thy beauteous, blooming pride;
But if thy heart is still the same,
From base suspicion free,
Thou still indeed art beautiful
And lovely unto me.

For in thy pure, angelic soul,
True beauty ever dwells;
And truth and virtue there exist
Like pearls in ocean's shells;
And having thy fond, truthful heart,
I have an untold prize;
For in the temple of thy soul
Thy beauty never dies.

OLD ABE AS A POET.

Since it has been ascertained that the verses entitled, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" were not written by Mr. Lincoln, the Western people are trying to account for the cure of his ambition to write verses. This is the latest explanation, vouchsafed by the Chicago Post:

Thirty years ago Mr. Lincoln and Gen. Shields were lions and beaux in Springfield, then the fashionable metropolis of Illinois, visited every winter by the rich farmers, the lawyers, the leading men and the mammas of the whole State. In those days were Douglas, Bissell, Richardson, Trumbull, Browning, McClernand, Whiteside, Carlin, Shields, the Campbells, Baker, Hardin, McDougall, Col. Taylor, Lincoln, Scates—lights at the social circle, as they have since become of the state or nation.

Mr. Lincoln and Gen. Shields one winter were each enamored of the same fair lady. The grace and elegance of the former were the subject of the latter's raillery, and were revenged by his faithful and fair defender in a way that put the hero of Cerro Gordo upon pins, and afforded a humorous subject for Mr. Lincoln's muse. He sung his song, like Homer, through several cities, and the joke coming to the testy Shields's ears, was a joke no longer. To be brief, Shields challenged Mr. Lincoln. There were those who believed that the verses had been indited by fairer hands than Lincoln's, but he had read them to thousands as his own, and it was impossible for him to back out by throwing the responsibility on another, and that other a lady. So he accepted the challenge. Gen. Whiteside, at that time Treasurer of State, was the second of Shields, and Dr. Merriman and Mr. Butler, present State Treasurer, were the friends of Mr. Lincoln.

At that time, "Bloody Island," in the Mississippi, nearly opposite St. Louis, was the universal field for all affairs of honor. The seconds met to arrange the terms of the meeting. The place and time were agreed upon readily, but when the weapons were named, old Gen. Whiteside was utterly astonished. Mr. Lincoln, having the choice of weapons, selected long cavalry swords, the two principals to be placed opposite each other; that between the combatants there should be erected a rail barrier four feet and a half high, and all blows to be exchanged over this barrier: each party, of course, to be at liberty to approach as near the barrier or keep as distant from it as he might choose, but not to jump over or go around it.

These extraordinary terms were at first indignantly rejected, but Mr. Lincoln would offer no others, and Mr. Shields was forced, either to accept them or go without a fight. He chose the former, and the parties all proceeded to Bloody Island, where, just as they were about to engage in the duel, and after the fence had been erected, friends interfered, and the actual fight was prevented.

This was Mr. Lincoln's first known experiment as a poet, and his most intimate friends have not heard of his engaging in the business since, though it is said that in that affair he assured his friends that he placed great reliance on a rail fence. How that reliance has been proved to be well founded, last year's campaign has served to show.

Chance War Text.—The "Courier" says that a lady in the western part of Massachusetts, who usually refers to her Bible in emergencies, on the day of the departure of one of the Massachusetts regiments, thrust her fingers between the leaves, and found them resting on the following sentences, commencing at the forty-fifth verse of the twentieth chapter of Ezekiel:

45. Moreover, the word of the Lord came unto me, saying,

46. Son of man, set thy face toward the south, and drop thy word toward the south, and prophesy against the forest of the south field;

47. And say to the forest of the south, Hear the word of the Lord: Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I will kindle a fire in thee, and it shall devour every green tree in thee, and every dry tree; the flaming flame shall not be quenched, and all faces from the south to the north shall be burnt therein.

48. And all flesh shall see that I the Lord have kindled it, it shall not be quenched.

What Ladies Wear.—A novelty in petticoats has recently been adopted among fashionable ladies in England. For all but dress, the white petticoat has been discarded for one of alpaca; and these have a great advantage over the linen or cotton ones, inasmuch as they are lighter, and do not lose their stiffness. Of course, it is necessary that if the dress be a grenadine, barege, or other clear texture, the petticoat must be of the same color. They are made very full and gored, and have a broad black ribbon put on in vandykes. The dresses are invariably caught up at the side to show this under-petticoat. Where it is not necessary to match the tint of the dress, a stone color is the best shade for wear. These petticoats will certainly last through the winter, their usefulness being their chief recommendation; the material never sinking into folds, how long soever they may be worn.

ZAGONYI.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Bold Captain of the Body-Guard,
I'll troll a stave to thee!
My voice is somewhat harsh and hard
And rough for minstrelsy.
I've cheered until my throat is sore
For how our boys at Beaufort bore;
Yet here's a cheer for thee!

I hear thy jingling spurs and reins,
Thy sabre at thy knee;
The blood runs lighter through my veins,
As I before me see
Thy hundred men with thrusts and blows
Ride down a thousand stubborn foes,
The foremost led by thee.

With pistol snap and rifle crack—
Mere *salvos* fired to thee—
Ye plunge, and stamp, and shoot, and hack
The way your swords make free;
Then back again—the path is wide
This time—ye gods! it was a ride,
The ride they took with thee!

No guardsman of the whole command
Halts, quails, or turns to flee;
With bloody spur and steady hand
They gallop where they see
Thy leading plume stream out ahead
O'er flying, wounded, dying, dead;
They can but follow thee.

So, Captain of the Body-Guard,
I pledge a health to thee!
I hope to see thy shoulders starred,
My Paladin; and we
Shall laugh at fortune in the fray,
Whene'er you lead your well-known way
To death or victory!

—*Philada. Press.*

HOW THE O'DONNELLS FIRST WENT TO SPAIN.

A Celtic Legend of Magic and Witchcraft.

CHAPTER I.

"Ah! then is it really true that Marshal O'Donnell has been made a grandee of Spain?" said an old farmer to me a few days ago, whilst walking along the high road, which runs parallel with the railway between Ross-sina and Kilmacow, in the county Kilkenny, Ireland.

"Yes," I replied. "I believe the fact to be so, for such an announcement has appeared in all the newspapers. But why do you ask the question?"

"Why do I ask the question?" responded the farmer. "Why? Because I am deeply and personally interested in it."

"Indeed! then, perhaps, you are a relation of the Marshal's?"

"Me! a relation of the Marshal's? There isn't one drop of his blood in my veins."

"Then how come you to be deeply and personally interested in the elevation to a Spanish dignity of a person who must be a complete stranger to you?"

"It is easy answering that question," said the farmer. "The reason I take an interest in the matter is, that simple and humble as I may appear, yet it was from my house the first of the O'Donnells ever left Ireland to go to Spain; and it was by the merest accident I did not inherit an immense fortune by their doing so."

"That is a strange story you are telling," I ventured to remark.

"Strange! it is the most wonderful story ever you heard, and as the sun is shining brightly, and there is an old trunk of a tree for you to sit upon if you are tired, and if you have half-an-hour to spare, and will listen to me, I will tell you the whole narration from the beginning to the end—and a better spot for telling it than this there could not be, as I can point out to you the several places I have to mention in my history."

"Go on with your story," I observed, "you will find me a patient and attentive listener."

The old man lighted his pipe, and, seating himself by my side, he pointed to the hills, a couple of miles distant from the high-road, and directly opposite to where we were seated, and thus expressed himself:—

"You know that the dark, dull, gloomy-looking mountain to the right, and which is all over rocks and furze-bushes, is called 'Tory Hill,' and you know that the hill that is facing us, and is tilled, is called 'Rahar' (but its right name is 'Rath-ar'), and you know there is a valley that runs between the two, in which you may be sure, at all times of the year, to find more stones than potatoes, and more weeds than turnips. Now, all this you know is well, and may be better, than myself that is telling it to you; but there is one thing about the two places that, may be, you do not know; and that is, that in the ancient times both Tory Hill and Rahar were great huge fortifications of those thieving, murdering, inhuman, and unchristian pagans, the Danes. Well! there is another thing that, perhaps, you did not know before, and that is, that between Tory Hill and Rahar the Danes had constructed a subterranean passage; and they had two reasons for making it—first, because it was easier for them to make caves under ground at Rahar than at Tory Hill, by reason of the latter being nothing from its base to its top but a solid rock; and next because, whichever of the two places should come to be attacked by the Irish, the Danes could bring together to the same spot the fighting men of both fortifications; and, then, if they were to be beaten in the one fort, they had still another to retreat to. Oh! it's they—the Danes—that were the cunning, artful set of villains! and it is no wonder—they were so 'cute—that they were able to hold out for so many centuries against the poor innocent Irish, who, in their simplicity, could do nothing but knock out Danish brains when they had an opportunity, and never stop cursing them when either beaten or bamboozled by them.

"Well, now, seeing how Tory Hill and Rahar are situated in regard to one another, you will easily understand that, though Tory Hill was the most conspicuous-looking of the two fortifications, and that the cunning Danes seemed to think a deal more of its possession than of the other, still the fact was that the place that was really important to them was Rahar, because it was there they had stored not only the best part of their provisions for both fortifications, in case of their being besieged, but also because it was there they preserved all their plunder—the gold and silver and diamonds and emeralds and pearls, with all the gold crosses, chalices, and priests' vestments, they had robbed out of every Irish church, monastery, and convent they ever got inside of. There was, in fact, no end to the wealth, grandeur, and riches these thieves of the world had stored up in the caves of Rahar. And, only think of their artifices and 'cuteness! the better to conceal this wealth, they did not hide it in trunks, but put it in places that an honest pious Irishman would never think of seeking after it—and that is—in stone coffins! It's the truth I am telling you—as you will find when I come to the end of my story. And what is more—the diabolical villains! as I know to my cost—they buried their gold and silver with such powerful enchantments cast around them, that if by any chance they came to be discovered in the day time the contents of the coffins would appear to be—what they were not—bones, stones, and ashes; and would never appear to be—what they really are—the finest of yellow gold, and the brightest of purest silver. My curse upon the Danes!—dead and alive! here and hereafter!—for it is *I* that am the heavy loser by their vile witchcraft.

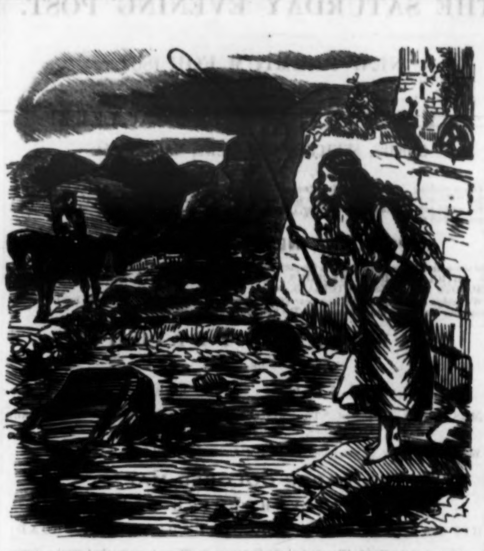
"And, now, after all this long preamble, I am coming to the pith of my story, and as to how the O'Donnells first went to Spain.

"You see just near to the top of Rahar Hill there is a small white house—as white as snow—so white, you would fancy it was whitewashed every Monday morning in the year. Not at all. It is made of white stones, and as it looks now, so it did appear fifty years ago, when I first went to live in it.—That is my house, and it was from that very house the first O'Donnell ever went to Spain. And the way that it all happened was this—just as I am going to tell you.

"For hundreds upon hundreds of years the Danes and the Irish were fighting with one another. The Danes were trying to hold their grip on the country, and the Irish were trying to drive them out of it. At last the Irish succeeded. The Danes were broken, horse and foot, and all that the remnant of them could do, to save their lives, was to sail away to Denmark as fast as they were able. They could not take with them the plunder they had stored in Rahar; but, in order to conceal from the Irish the treasures they were leaving, they first of all stopped up the subterranean passage between Tory Hill and Rahar. They left the walls standing in the one place, and destroyed them in the other; and in lieu of them built up that white house, and put into it an old Danish woman and her young grand-daughter, well knowing that the Irish were too polite, kind-hearted, and good-natured, ever to molest an old woman that was too ugly for any one to wish to look twice at her, and a little girl that already promised to be so pretty that a king might, in time, pay court to her.

"Now, do you know the reason for the Danes doing this? Of course you don't, and therefore I will tell you. Once a Dane has laid his hand upon anything—no matter what it is—a guinea, a shilling, a silver spoon, or an acre of land, he reckons that it is his—his alone—and belongs to him from the first clutch he has made of it until the Day of Judgment; and, supposing the rightful owner takes it away from him, still the Dane never forgoes his claim on it, but acts in such a way as if he believed that if he does not live to get it, still his son or grandson or some one descending from him, though it was centuries from the present time, will again come into possession of it. That I may never sin! but I am told there are Danes now, living in Copenhagen who can show you what they call '*their* title-deeds' to lands that belong to Captain Bryan, of Jenkinstown, and Mr. Tighe, of Woodstock, and the Marquis of Ormonde, in Kilkenny, time out of mind—aye! and to lands that have been confiscated three times over, and have had forty different owners—Normans, Anglo-Irish, Cromwellians, English, Scotch, and Welsh, and Lord knows what besides!—since the Danes were in this country.

"Well! that being the way of thinking with the Danes, so far as concerns anything, and everything they have once laid their unlucky paws upon; it is easy seeing, they would do their best, if they could not get at it themselves, to keep, for some of their own people to come after them, all the plunder they had heaped together in the caves of Rahar. They, therefore, built up that white house, and they put into it, as a care-taker for themselves, old Moyra Olliffe and her grand-daughter Aileen. And why do you think they selected old Moyra Olliffe, for such a post? For many reasons. First of all, because she was a pagan, hated the very name of a Christian, and detested the sight of an Irishman. Next, because she was an old witch, knew all sorts of enchantments, had sold herself right out as a dead bargain to the devil, and had got a power of boiling up in an iron skillet, which she always carried about with her, a certain drug, which if she got an opportunity of throwing at a person before he had time to say a prayer, or bless himself, would turn him into a dog, an ass, a goat, a cat, or a wolf, and that figure he must ever retain so long as he remained in Ireland, or within two hundred miles of the Irish coast. Last of all they appointed Moyra Olliffe to be the ostensible owner of Rahar because they knew that spite alone would make her true to her trust; for her brother King Olaf of the Iron-fist, or Olaf-ironfist as he was commonly called, was killed by the Irish when engaged on a plundering excursion with a few followers into the O'Carroll district. Moyra Olliffe was then fixed at Rahar to watch over its concealed treasures, to guard them by her enchantments, to rear up her grand-daughter to be, like herself, a witch; so that when the old woman died, she might succeed as the care-taker of all the silver and gold that belonged to herself as a king's grand-daughter, as well as to the Danish tribe of which she was a member.


O'DONNELL'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE PRETTY AILEEN.

"It was a lucky thing for the young princess Aileen, that her grandmother, Moyra Olliffe, was so busily engaged in contriving plans for guarding the treasures buried in the caves of Rahar: the old woman had not time to misinstruct her, to corrupt her morals, to poison her mind, or to instil into the child's heart her own prejudices against and malignant hatred of the Irish. Whilst the old witch was picking weeds and dead men's bones out of the church-yards, to boil up into charms in her magic skillet, the young girl was running, as wild as a colt, hither and thither, wherever she liked, about the country. One day she would be, perhaps, wandering through the deep woods that then covered the mountains from this spot for miles up beyond Kilmacthomas, and, another day, she would be fishing all alone by herself in the waters of the little Blackwater, over there beyond, at first for pinkeens, and then, at last, for trout—and an able hand she was, by all accounts, with the rod, and in making flies, and spearing eels. But the most lucky thing of all that ever happened Aileen was her straying one day into the old church at Park. That church has disappeared, and its foundation stones are now covered with the railroad before us. In the church Aileen met with the parish priest, and the parish priest, when he first saw her, thought from her being a strange child in the country, and so wonderfully beautiful, that she must be an angel come down from heaven to pray before his altar; but—I give you my word, he did not long labor under that delusion, once he entered into conversation with her. All that poor little Aileen knew of religion, at that time, was to swear like a trooper; and what was still worse, she did not even know how to curse like a Christian; for all her oaths were in the names of heathen deities, such as Thor, and Odin, and Woden, and Frigga, and Saxnot, and such other demoniacal Danish idols. Lucky it was for Aileen, that meeting with the parish priest of Park: for he never stopped teaching her day after day, and week after week, until she had 'Butler's Catechism' so completely off by heart, that she could defy an archbishop to puzzle her in it: and when she knew her catechism, of course, she never rested easy until the parish priest had baptized her as a Christian—and once being baptised, she was for ever afterwards secure against the diabolical misteachings of her grandmother. And so she went on for a few years, every year becoming more beautiful, and every year becoming a better Christian.

"I suppose that never before, nor since she herself was alive, was there seen or heard of a more beautiful creature than Aileen Olliffe at the age of eighteen. She was neither a tall, lanky, nor a fat, dumpy girl; but she was something between the two, with a step as light as a fairy, hair that was as yellow as flax, and finer than silk; a skin as white as milk, cheeks as pink as a young budding rose, eyes that were as blue as the sky, and that sparkled with light when you gazed into them; and a mouth that appeared to be made for no other purpose than to smile sweetly and to speak softly. When she walked abroad the sun seemed to shine more brightly, and the grass to grow greener, and even the humble daisies perked up their star-covered heads as if they were conscious there was in the midst of them something that made themselves and all around them look more entrancing than they ever did before. No wonder that young Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell, the first time he saw Aileen fishing for trout in the Blackwater, fell in love with her, and wished himself to be a little fish, is order that he might have the happiness of feeling her fair, taper, rosy-tipped fingers tenderly taking a rough hook out of his enamored gills.

"Love of sport—having nothing to do—and the peace that had prevailed for some years in all parts of Ireland, from the time of the Danes being driven out of the country, had been the reasons for young Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell leaving his own principality, in the land of Tirconnell, to go and seek adventures in various parts of Ireland. Except knocking the head off a cruel magician at Cappoquin, and killing two giants that were overholding possession of the castle of Lismore, nothing worth mentioning had occurred to Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell from the day he left Tirconnell until the eventful morning that he beheld the Princess Aileen fishing for trout under the churchyard wall, below the hill of Scart, in the county Kilkenny.

"Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell fell in love with Aileen at first sight, and Aileen Olliffe returned the compliment; for she knew, she never, until then, saw, and never, from that time forth, expected to see a young man half as fine looking as Phelim. He had the dark, bronzed skin, jet black hair, and large black eyes of a genuine Milesian—he had the face of a patriarch—it was so noble, so grand, and dignified, and with that he was mighty cleverly made, and in height about six feet two inches. He wore a yellow velvet hat, with a ruby in front, which fastened together two heavy hanging black plumes, a chain of triple gold was around his neck, and his body, arms, and legs, were covered with a tight-fitting, yellow-colored dress. There was a jewelled dagger in the red silk scarf at his waist. A short sword hung to his side, and in his right hand he bore a hunting-spear.

"'If I could fancy my old grandmother to have ever spoken a word of truth,' said Aileen to herself, as she looked across the narrow stream at Phelim, 'I should suppose this handsome stranger to be the valiant Woden, who had come down from his Walhalla to pay me a visit.'

"'If I was to believe,' said Phelim, at the same time, to himself, 'what the pagan poets prate about the goddesses of former times, I would suppose that beautiful creature yonder to be the celestial charmer, Venus, who was amusing herself this fine morning with one of the occupations of the chaste Diana.'

"To make a long story short, they were over head and ears in love with one another in less than no time, and as they were both young, and innocent, and never supposed there was the slightest harm in letting the truth be known, they very soon came to a right understanding with each other upon a point so material to their mutual happiness.

"Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell asked Aileen Olliffe if she would marry him; and she replied at once, 'With the greatest pleasure in life;' but at the same time she gave him to understand that there were some difficulties in the way.

"'Difficulties, indeed!' said Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell, 'I laugh at difficulties! A young Irishman with a sword in his hand, and the girl that he loves by his side, derides difficulties, and will jump over, if he cannot cut through, impossibilities. Phew! show me the difficulty that dares to terrify you, and in half a minute I will wring its head off.'

"'It is not so easy as you think, my beautiful hero,' observed Aileen, 'to wring the head off an old woman.'

"'An old woman!' replied Phelim, astonished.

"'Yes,' continued Aileen, 'and an old woman that is a witch.'

"'As an Irishman,' replied Phelim, 'I should be ashamed of myself, if I were to lay an unkind hand on a female; but if she is a witch, then all I can say is—show her to me—I will not strike her with my fist, because she is a woman; but I give you my word of honor, I will never stop walking on her until she is as flat as a pancake.'

"'But this old woman, who is also a witch, is my grandmother,' answered Aileen.

"'Your grandmother!' replied Phelim. 'Then all I can say, my charming angel, is, I wish, for your own sake, as well as mine, your family was a little more respectable.'

"'Respectable! enagh!' answered Aileen, a little nettled. 'A good deal more respectable than yours, I am inclined to think. Why, my grandfather was a king, and my grand-uncle was the celebrated Olaf-ironfist, who used to pound Irish spalpeens into sparables!'

"'Not a doubt of it!' replied Phelim.—'There never was a more celebrated ruffian than Olaf-ironfist. But your grandfather, my beautiful maiden, you say, was a king, and your grandmother is no better than she ought to be. Oh, faix! that is a common case enough. There is no family that I ever yet knew of, no matter how high, exalted, or respectable it might be, but had some relation attached to it, that all the rest had right good reason to be ashamed of. Well, now, how is your grandmother, that is a witch, a difficulty in the way of yourself and myself being married, when we have both determined to become husband and wife?'

"'Because she has all my fortune in her keeping, and I know well she will never let me handle it, if she knows I wish to give it and myself to a Christian husband,' answered Aileen.

"'A fortune!' said the astonished and delighted Phelim. 'Why, this is good luck, and more of it! Ah, then, is it possible such an enchanting beauty as you are can have a fortune? But, you are so handsome, it must be something very trifling: not worth troubling one's head about.'

"'All I will say about it is this,' replied Aileen. 'Since the O'Donnels were a sept, they never had, individually and collectively, half the fortune that I am entitled to; and that is now hidden in the caves of Rahar.'

"'What! what is that you say, my beautiful enchantress?' answered Phelim, becoming still more enamored of Aileen when he heard her boasting of her wealth. 'You don't mean to say, now, you have a fortune of ten thousand pounds—in ready money?'

"'Ten thousand pounds!' replied Aileen, 'who ever heard of the grand-daughter of a Danish king having such a paltry fortune as ten thousand pounds?'

"'Well, my celestial beauty, say twenty thousand pounds—in ready money?'

"'Pho! mean! beneath mentioning!' answered Aileen.

"'Well, my adorable and transcendantly divine beauty! say forty thousand pounds—in ready money?'

"'Contemptible!—not worth speaking about!'

"'Well, my intensely divine, most beautiful, and ecstatically attractive charmer, say eighty thousand pounds—in ready money?'

"'Bah!' said Aileen, 'your imagination cannot soar to the height, or fly to the extent of my riches. There are four large iron hat-boxes crammed with nothing but diamonds and precious stones; there are six big iron trunks stuffed with nothing but gold; and there are twenty-four huge iron chests filled with nothing but bars of silver. That is my fortune. Are you still willing to marry me?'

"'I am willing to die for you, seraphic and supremely lovely Aileen!' answered Phelim.

"'Better to live and marry me,' responded Aileen. 'And now to contrive how to get my fortune out of the hands of my grandmother. See if you can think of any plan for attaining that object.'

"'I am greatly afraid,' replied Phelim, 'that the only plan that will ever suggest itself to my mind is the simple one—of knocking out her brains.'

"'Remember she is my grandmother,' said Aileen.

"'Ah! yes!' sighed Phelim, 'that is the awkward circumstance in the way of the execution of my simple plan.'

"'Remember, also, she is a witch, and not so easily disposed of as you may fancy,' said Aileen. 'I must see if I cannot contrive something easier and more humane than your project. In two days from this time meet me here again. Meanwhile let me know where a messenger may find you, in case I desired to see you.'

"'I am stopping in Waterford,' answered Phelim. 'I was on the point of starting for Spain, in search of adventures, when the sight of you changed my destiny. I have hired the state cabin on board the Granville, which sails from Waterford for Cadiz this day week, under the command of the skillful and pious captain, Joseph O'Leary.'

"'Farewell, my six-foot hero!' sighed the lovely Aileen.

"'Farewell!—rose of Rahar!—beauty of the Blackwater!—topaz of Kilkenny county!—pride of Park!—diamond of Scart!—concentration of female beauty and perfection!' exclaimed the enamored Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell, as he touched with his gold spur the sable side of his coal-black steed, and rode very rapidly down the very road by the side of which we are now sitting, on his way to Waterford.

CHAPTER II.

"With all the thrilling raptures of a first youthful and true love, Aileen and Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell parted from each other that fine, bright day, on the banks of the Blackwater. Their hearts beat with hope and joy; but how different would have been their feelings, if they had known that the whole of their conversation had been listened to by the wicked witch, Moyra Olliffe?

"By a most unlucky chance, that old villain of a woman was told that there had been buried, a few days previously, in the grave yard adjoining Park church, the body of an unbaptised infant; and as she wanted the right thigh bone of the child to boil up into a broth for one of her incantations, she was busy in grubbing for it amongst the graves, when she heard the noise made by O'Donnell's horse as its hoofs came down upon the stony road outside. The wall of the church-yard overhung the bank of the river, and, squatting behind the wall, the old woman could hear every word the two lovers had spoken.

"This wicked, abominable, and horrid ugly old woman had but one tooth in her head, and that was in the upper jaw, from which it stood out like a pig's tusk. When Aileen began to speak, the witch caught hold of this long, villanous tooth, and she never let it go until the two lovers separated, when, starting up, and dragging it out by the root, she cast it upon the earth, and then, as her mouth filled with blood, she spurted forth these words:

"'My curse upon her! the audacious hussy! As I tear out this tooth from my head, so do I tear her, the last of my race, from my heart! Ah! ha! so! she wants to marry an Irishman! and a Christian too! She would sink the name of Olliffe to become a dirty O'Donnell! and to give him, too, all the wealth which her grandfather won by his sword, and her valiant grand-uncle, Olaf-ironfist, squeezed out of the blood and bones of the Irish! She would throw not only all that away upon a stranger she did not know yesterday! Ay—would she! and if she knew the secret as to the wealth of all the Danes that I have, until now, protected from the gaze of mortals by my witchcraft, she would fling all that away with her own fortune! Oh! the renegade and the rapscallion! Why! by the thunderbolts of Thor! she must herself have turned Christian! If that is so; and if, since her baptism, she has never committed a sin, then I am powerless against *her!* I can do her no mischief. I will try. I can but fail. And if I do not succeed with her, why then I must see what my arts can effect, first to bewilder this outrageously tall Irishman; and if I am baffled there also, then, to try the most powerful of my charms against him. Oh! all ye holy, ruthless, blood-loving, brain scattering valkyries, come and help me; I go now to seek for the most rancid poisons. Ah! Aileen! if you are a Christian, and have lost your baptismal innocence, then this very night you shall be a corpse! and to-morrow your dainty body will be given over as a banquet to the worms in the churchyard of Park.'

"All that day the witch was busy with her magic skillet concocting a most deadly poison. It was not until evening she had completed her task; and then, when she met her grandchild, at supper, she presented her with a bowl of milk which she pretended she had herself taken that minute from the cow. The unsuspecting, innocent, darling Aileen accepted the deadly gift—at once swallowed it; and the moment she did so fell senseless and motionless on the earth!

"The wicked witch, with a tearless eye and an unshaken hand, had presented the poison to her grandchild; and when she saw the poor young girl fall, she looked at her with eagerness, in the hope she might behold the lovely creature's limbs quivering in the agonies of death.

"'Curses! a hundred thousand curses upon her! I cannot hurt her!' cried the witch. "She is a baptised Christian, and her soul is unstained by mortal sin. All that my poor art can do against her is to throw her into a deep sleep for forty-eight hours; and even that much I could not have accomplished had she but blessed the poisoned milk, or said one word of a prayer before swallowing it. My skill as a witch can do no hurt to her. I must then try what can be done against the youth who has fallen in love with her. I have full forty-eight hours, whilst this deep sleep continues, to bewilder and bewitch him without the chance of being molested or interfered with by her.'

"Of all the inhuman, unfeeling, mean, nasty, low, rascally, diabolical, and infernally wicked animals that ever was formed, there never yet was anything so inhuman, so unfeeling, so mean, so nasty, so low, so rascally, and so diabolical as a witch! I am sure you will agree in so thinking with me when I tell you of the plan which old Moyra Olliffe adopted for misleading, bewildering, and misguiding poor young Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell when he came, true to the appointment between them, to meet as he thought his darling little true love, the princess Aileen, on the bank of the Blackwater stream.

"Little did the unhappy young man know that the person he saw fishing for trout was not his own Aileen, (who was then sleeping in her own bed in that white house upon the hill before you,) but her abominable, old, ugly, toothless, withered, and wicked grandmother, who had assumed the outward form of Aileen.

"Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell was not a little astonished as he rode up to the place where the supposed Aileen was fishing, to see that the moment she took a trout out of the stream, she bit its head off with her snow-white teeth, and then threw the headless fish into the basket beside her.

"'Well,' said Phelim to himself, 'of all the inhuman sport I ever saw in my born days that is the ugliest and the dirtiest way of putting a fish out of pain that I ever witnessed. Ah! but the poor young creature knows no better. It was her cruel old grandmother, I suppose, that taught her that nasty trick. Wait awhile—and so soon as she is married to me, I will be after instructing her in what is the height of good manners when one undertakes to be an angler.'

"'The top of the morning to you, my bouchal,' cried the sham Aileen, as she saw Phelim O'Neal O'Donnell reining in his horse, and on the point of dismounting. 'I hope you're brave and hearty, and as full of fun and friskiness as Mooney's goose.'

"'The Lord preserve us,' said Phelim to himself; 'but these are strange words to be in the mouth of a princess. Upon my veracity, the first thing I shall have to do after making a wife of Aileen is to send her to school to learn how to behave herself.'

"'Why don't you talk, you big, overgrown, bosthoon?' said the sham Aileen. 'Why, you are as silent as a stuck pig, and are just looking at me this minute as if I had two heads on me.'

"'And no wonder for me,' thought Phelim to himself. 'Oh! murder! murder! but this beautiful young creature does not at all improve upon acquaintance.'

"'What's the matter with you?' asked the sham Aileen; 'why don't you speak out like a man? Have you lost the use of your tongue? I thought that what brought you here this morning, in such a hurry, was to make love to me. Ah! if you were one of the decent Danes, instead of being what you are, a low, mean, nasty, dirty O'Donnell, that is not the way in which you would be conducing yourself.'

"'Phew! it is worse and worse she is getting every instant,' thought Phelim to himself. 'Ah! that I may never kill a giant, but if she was fifty times as rich as she was bragging the other morning, I wouldn't submit to her abusing the O'Donnells. I say, Miss Aileen Olliffe,' continued Phelim, as he took off his yellow velvet cap with the black plumes. 'Before this love affair between me and you goes any further, I would like to have a word of explanation with you.'

"'You would like to have an explanation,' repeated the sham Aileen.

"'Yes, I would,' replied Phelim.

"'Very well, then, my bouchal, you shan't have it.'

"'And why not?'

"'Because it was a favorite saying with my grand-uncle Olaf-Ironfist, who killed forty-five men in forty-five duels, that explanations always led to new and worse quarrels,' answered the sham Aileen.

"'And the reason you have for not coming to an explanation is, because you would not like to quarrel with me,' said Phelim.

"'Exactly so,' replied the sham Aileen, casting her line into the stream.

"'Very good,' thought Phelim to himself, 'she is at last returning to reason. That is the only sensible word that has come from her pretty lips this morning.'

"'And do you know,' continued the sham Aileen, 'why I would not like to quarrel with you?'

"'No, I do not; but I should like to hear it,' replied Phelim, feeling that he was again beginning to be very fond of her.

"'Why, then,' replied the sham Aileen, 'the only reason that I would not like to quarrel with you is, that I want to get married.'

"'You want to get married?' exclaimed the astounded Phelim.

"'By Dad, I do,'" answered the sham Aileen; 'I am dying to be married, and I don't much care to whom—so that my husband is a tall, stout, slaughtering young man, six feet two in height, and able to box his corner. All is fish that comes to my net. If I cannot get a trout, why then I am content to be biting the head off a gudgeon'—(and as she said this, she unhooked a poor little gudgeon, crunched its head between her teeth, and cast it into the basket by her side). If I have not the good luck to meet with a rollicking, roystering, skull-splitting Dane, like my brave old grand uncle Olaf of the Iron-fist, why then I must content myself with one of the low skulking Irish; and as I cannot meet with any other, why I am ready to give my hand and fortune to one of the low, mean, mongrel, dirty O'Donnells.'

"'The O'Donnells ought to feel very much obliged to you for the fine compliments you pay them,' said Phelim, in a state of great indignation.

"'It is they that ought,' said the sham Aileen. 'It is little one of such a low born crew could ever have supposed that the honor would befall him of being married to the kitchen maid of a Danish king, much less to a Danish king's grand-daughter.'

"'Oh! this poor, beautiful, young creature must be as mad as a March hare,' thought Phelim to himself. 'But I will not leave her in this way, without trying to discover the cause of what seems to me to be incomprehensible.'

"'So you are again as mute as a fish!' said the sham Aileen. 'A penny for your thoughts, you overgrown omathaun.'

"'Why, then, Miss Aileen,' said Phelim, 'I would like to ask you a civil question, if you will promise to give me a civil answer?'

"'Good manners and you might be married, for you are not in the least degree akin to one another,' replied the sham Aileen. 'Sure, if you were not as ignorant as a donkey you ought to know that a pretty girl of eighteen can never be anything but civil to a well-dressed youngster. Ask your question like a man, and I'll answer you as becomes a lady, who has more money in her pocket than ever belonged to your whole seed, breed, and generation.'

"'Then the question I have to ask you is this,' said Phelim, becoming very much disgusted with the Danish beauty before him, 'what in the world is the reason that both your manners and your language are so very different this morning from what they were two days ago?'

"'Oh, oh!' said the sham Aileen, 'so my bright youth, you do not think me as agreeable this morning, as the day you first saw me?'

"'By no manner of means,' gruffly replied Phelim.

"'Tell the truth, and shame the devil, is an old Danish proverb,' observed the sham Aileen, 'and as you asked a civil question, I will give you a civil and candid answer. The only reason for a difference between my manners and language upon this and that occasion—if there is any real difference between them—is the slight difference that is caused by a small drop of drink.'

"'A small drop of drink!' exclaimed Phelim, utterly confounded by this confession. 'You don't mean to say that you drink?'

"'Drink! Don't I, indeed? Does a duck swim?' answered the sham Aileen.

"'What! drink spirits?' cried the horrified Phelim.

"'Yes, the real stuff! the only good thing that ever was made in or ever went out of Ireland—genuine Irish whiskey!'

"'Oh! impossible, impossible! you slander yourself, hapless Aileen!' cried the heart-broken Phelim.

"'Impossible! Ah! then listen to the poor gommilew, how little he knows of the ways of us women!' said the pretended Aileen. 'Did you ever know a good sportsman who ventured out in the hunting-field with the dogs, or by the river-side with a rod, and yet was seen in either place without a well-filled pocket-pistol of strong drink? Look here, my bouchal,' added the sham Aileen, as she drew forth a pint-bottle from her pocket, which appeared to be half-filled with whiskey.

"'Oh! there is no standing this,' cried Phelim, bounding over the stream. 'Nothing now but the evidence of my own senses will convince me you are telling the truth to your own dishonor.'

"As Phelim thus spoke, he snatched the bottle from the hand of the witch, uncorked it, smelled the contents, tasted them, and spitting out the fairy liquid on the earth, he exclaimed:

"'Miserable young woman! your wicked grandmother must have laid some damnable spell upon you this morning; you are bewitched by some of her hellish charms.'

"He could say no more. He had imbibed a particle of the witch's noxious potion.

"'Ah! as I have got you within arm's length of me,' cried the sham Aileen, her fingers now clammy with enchanting ointments, 'I cannot refrain from embracing you. Kiss me, my bouchal!'

"The old woman's lips, moistened with a powerful charm, pressed the lips of the young man, and her baleful breath was exhaled upon him.

"'Oh! murder, murder! I am poisoned entirely!' said Phelim to himself. 'Oh! this creature must have been feeding for a century upon onions, leeks, garlic, and assafœtida! Oh! this cannot be a young woman at all! Ah!' exclaimed Phelim, as he perceived the smooth features of Aileen shrivel up into the withered, wrinkled face of Moyra Olliffe. 'Ah! you accursed hag! I knew well that my darling could never have spoken nor acted in the horrid way that you, when disguised as her, were going on. I will have you burned, you atrocious, mischief-making—'

"Phelim could say no more; the fearful necromantic charm had done its work, and he fell without sense or motion at the feet of the malignant Danish witch.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Strange Sight—Seventy Swarms of Bees at War.—Ezra Dibble, a well known citizen of this town, and for many years engaged extensively in the management of bees, communicates to us the following interesting particulars of a battle among his bees. He had seventy swarms of bees, about equally divided on the east and west sides of his house. One Sunday afternoon about 3 o'clock, the weather being warm, and the windows open, his house was suddenly filled with bees, which forced the family to flee at once to the neighbors. Mr. Dibble, after getting well protected against his assailants, proceeded to take a survey, and, if possible, learn the cause which had disturbed them.

The seventy swarms appeared to be out, and those on one side of the house were arrayed in battle against those on the other side; and such a battle was perhaps never before witnessed. They filled the air, covering a space of more than one acre of ground, and fought desperately for some three hours—not for "spoils," but for conquest; and while at war, no living thing could exist in the vicinity. They stung a large flock of Shanghai chickens, nearly all of which died, and persons passing along the roadside were obliged to make haste to avoid their stings.

A little after six o'clock quiet was restored, and the living bees returned to their hives, leaving the slain almost literally covering the ground, since which but few have appeared around the hives, and those apparently stationed as sentinels to watch the enemy. But two young swarms were entirely destroyed, and aside from the terrible slaughter of bees no other injury was done. Neither party was victorious, and they only ceased on the approach of night, and from utter prostration. The occasion of this strange warring among the bees is not easily accounted for; and those most conversant with their management never before witnessed or heard of such a spectacle as here narrated.—*Leneaut (Ohio) Reporter.*

Two More Naval Expeditions.—Capt. David D. Porter, of the United States navy, is in New York getting together the materials for another expedition to the southern coast. No doubt he has been selected to lead the naval portion of it, and as he is one of the bravest and best officers of our navy, we need not fear for the result. There are now about eighty government vessels of various sizes and classes in the port of New York.

The New York Post gives a full account of the expedition of ships, laden with stone, which left New Bedford on the 20th inst., destined for some point on the southern coast. The expedition is composed of twenty-five vessels, principally whaling ships, from New Bedford, New London, Nantucket, Newport, &c. In the bottom of each ship a hole was bored, into which was fitted a lead pipe, five inches in diameter, with a valve so fixed, that, though perfectly safe even for a long voyage, it can be very quickly removed. It is calculated that the ship will be filled and sunk to the bottom in twenty minutes after the removal of this valve.

The captains of the ships are all well acquainted with our coast, first-rate seamen and good pilots, and as they have received sealed orders, the destination of the fleet is unknown to both them and the public.

Gen. Polk.—This rebel general is reported recently as saying to the bearer of a flag of truce, that he was no secessionist. The writer says:—

"Gen. Polk himself came on board. He is a fine type of the old fashioned gentleman—courteous and poli.e. I knew several of the persons with him. They are all as firm and confident as they possibly can be—have not the faintest idea of giving up.

"One thing surprised me, and that was to hear a general say that he did not believe in the right of secession, and did not shield himself under that; that they were rebels, and he gloried in the name. But, said he, let your man Lincoln come out and say *that the Dred Scott decision is right, and that the south shall have equal rights in the territories*; in other words, that the old Democratic view of the Constitution shall be fully established, and they would lay down their arms and return to their homes. Otherwise, they will fight until the last man and woman is under the sod."

Gen. Polk will probably soon be overhauled, if he talks in that way, by Jeff. Davis and party.

☞ The origin of the popular saying, "Or any other man," originated with Sir William Wallace, the Hero of Scotland.—When brought before the barons on a charge of treason, he said "that he never designed to enter the throne of Scotland either by his own efforts or those *of any other man.*"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THE CAPTURE OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

The following are some of the arguments and authorities relied on to justify the recent action of Captain Wilkes:—

The "National Intelligencer" says:—Whether Captain Wilkes acted with or without the orders of the National Government, it remains to inquire into the grounds by which this proceeding is justified in the light of international law; for however expedient may seem the success gained by the arrest and detention of these Confederate Representatives, whether regarded in point of political or military strategy, it would be dearly purchased at the cost of a single principle of that public morality whose rules govern, or should govern, the conduct of civilized and Christian states in their mutual intercourse in peace and in war.

Those, therefore, who are not already familiar with the principles involved in the proceeding of Capt. Wilkes, will learn with interest that it is fully justified by the rules of international law, as those rules have been expounded by the most illustrious British jurists and compiled by the most approved writers on the Laws of Nations. So far from having transcended the powers with which he was clothed by that code, Capt. Wilkes did not exhaust the full measure of his authority, for he not only had an undoubted right to arrest these "Embassadors" of the Confederate government on their passage to Europe, but might have justly captured the vessel on which they were found, and brought her into port to be condemned as lawful prize.

The points of public law involved in the case, and on which it turns, are as follows:—

1. The right of visiting and searching merchant ships on the high seas, whatever be the ships, their cargoes, or their destinations, is an incontestable right of the lawfully commissioned cruisers of *a belligerent nation*. Being a purely belligerent right, essential to the capture of enemy's property and the discovery of contraband of war on board of neutral vessels, *it is, from its very nature and definition, incompetent to a state of peace, but accrues to each belligerent on the outbreak of war.*

2. To engage in the transportation of military persons, bearers of dispatches, and dispatches themselves, is of the same nature with the carrying of contraband goods, and a vessel so engaged in the service of one belligerent is subject to capture and confiscation by the other.

3. A belligerent may lawfully arrest an Embassador of the adverse belligerent, if found at sea in a neutral vessel on his passage, and therefore before he has arrived in the neutral country, or has assumed the functions of his office near the government to which he is accredited. But, when he has arrived and been admitted in his official relation, he is protected by his representative and international character.

4. The fact that the voyage is made to a neutral port does not change the legal character of the transaction, where contraband of war—including of course military persons, dispatches, and their bearers—is found on a neutral vessel.

As the foregoing principles are derived wholly from the adjudications of the British Admiralty Courts, and as Capt. Wilkes has exercised something less than the scope of power vindicated for a belligerent by these rulings, it would seem idle to suppose that his action can afford any ground for reclamations by the British government; which will be more likely to express its grateful appreciation of the forbearance displayed by that officer in not capturing the vessel found engaged in "favoring the offensive projects of the enemy." If the British legists recognize the right of one belligerent nation to capture on the high seas the Embassador of another belligerent nation, *a fortiori*, must they acknowledge the right of a sovereign belligerent government to seize, under similar circumstances, the envoys of a faction to which, in the present case, they have conceded the rights, and therefore the responsibilities, of a belligerent.

It may be proper to add that it makes no difference in the law of the case whether the master of a vessel be ignorant or not of the character of the service in which he is engaged. In the present case, however, the master of the Trent must have been well aware of the character borne by Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and therefore knew that in doing a service to the Confederate belligerents by forwarding their envoys to Europe, he was doing an injury to the government of the United States.

We add the following authorities:—

Among the acts which authorize seizure and confiscation, common violation of neutrality in the transporting munitions of war is not the most heinous. "The conveyance of dispatches," says Chancellor Kent, "is the most injurious, and deemed to be the most hostile and noxious character;" it is alone sufficient to justify seizure and confiscation. *A fortiori* would transportation of an ambassador—an embodied dispatch—be a violation of neutrality.

Sir William Scott held the carrying by a neutral of dispatches from the Governor of an enemy's colony to the Government at home ground of confiscation.

Chitty, a standard English law writer, says, in his "Law of Nations," page 147:

On the same principle on which contrabands of war and infractions of blockade have been interdicted in the commerce of neutrals—I mean the principle that a neutral has no right to relieve a belligerent—it has been held that *other acts of illegal assistance* afforded to an enemy, expose to confiscation the property of the neutral concerned in them. *Among these, none is of a more injurious nature than the conveyance of hostile dispatches. The mischievous consequence of such a service is indefinite, infinitely beyond the effect of any contraband that can be conveyed—The carrying of two or three cargoes of stores is necessarily an assistance of a limited nature; but in the transmission of dispatches may be conveyed the entire plan of a campaign, that may defeat all the projects of the other belligerent in that quarter of the world.*

Mr. Phillimore, "Advocate of her Majesty in her Office of Admiralty and Judge of the Cinque Ports," says, in his "Commentaries on International Law," that *it is competent to a belligerent to stop the ambassador of his enemy on his passage.*—(Page 368.) On page 370 he says:

Sec. 273. "Official communications from an official on the affairs of a belligerent Government are such dispatches as impress a hostile character on the carriers of them.—The mischievous consequences of such a service cannot be estimated, and extend far beyond the effect of any contraband that can be conveyed; for it is manifest that by the carriage of such dispatches the most important operations of a belligerent army may be forwarded or obstructed. In general cases of contraband the quantity of the article carried may be a material circumstance; but the smallest dispatch may serve to turn the fortunes of war in favor of a particular belligerent."

Sec. 274. "The penalty is confiscation of the ship which conveys the dispatches and of the cargo."

Chancellor Kent, in speaking of the right of search, says, in his Commentaries, volume one, page 154:

All writers upon the law of nations, and the highest authorities, acknowledge the right, in time of war, as resting upon sound principles of public jurisprudence and upon the institutes and practice of all great maritime Powers; and if, upon making the search, the vessel be found employed in the contraband trade, or in carrying enemy's property, or troops, or *dispatches*, she is liable to be taken and brought in for adjudication before a prize court.

Wheaton, in his work on the Law of Nations, coincides with the views of the other publicists whom we have quoted.

The ship Hercules, of Salem, was in a Sardinian port, about fifty years ago, having on board Lucien Bonaparte. A British man-of-war, then at the same place, sent a boat's crew, armed, to the ship, who took Lucien prisoner, conveyed him to the man-of-war, and he was subsequently carried to England, under duress.

Nothing is more certain than that Great Britain has often acted to our prejudice on the opposite principle to that which she must assert in demanding the liberation of Mason and Slidell. To instance but a single case—that of Henry Laurens is completely in point. Mr. Laurens was a leading rebel against the sovereignty of Great Britain, as Mason and Slidell are rebels against that of the United States. He was a leader in our fathers' revolution, as they are in that of Jeff. Davis. He was sent to Holland to solicit her aid in our struggle, as they were dispatched by Jeff. to France and England. He was on board a neutral (Dutch) ship, as they were on board a neutral (British) vessel. He was captured and taken out of his vessel by a British cruiser, precisely as Mason and Slidell were from theirs by Com. Wilkes. He was carried to England, as they have been brought to the United States. He was imprisoned in the Tower of London, just as they have been in Fort Warren. He was kept there to the end of the war (over eighteen months), as they are very likely to be detained in Fort Warren. And we have no recollection that the Dutch ever complained of his capture as unwarranted; if they did, it is certain that they were left to take it out in complaining.

Queen Victoria's declaration of war against Russia contained this sentence: "It is impossible for her Majesty to forego her right of seizing articles contraband of war, and *of preventing neutrals from bearing enemies' dispatches.*"

THE OTHER SIDE.

On the other side, we give the following from the Canadian papers, which seem to unanimously condemn the act:—

The Toronto Globe says:—"There can be no doubt that the action of the San Jacinto commander was an outrage on the British flag and an infraction of international law. There can be no possible justification for it. The individuals arrested were voyaging in a vessel of a neutral power, under the protection of its flag, engaged in no act of war, violating no law which could possibly be applied to their case. Yet the vessel conveying them was stopped upon her course, and by threats their surrender was secured. If such acts were permitted there would be no possibility of acting a neutral part in any war. If a subject of one of the belligerent powers were found on board of any ship, that ship would be liable to seizure by the other belligerent till the passengers were given up. And if neutral ships could be searched so could neutral territory. There are many southerners in Canada at this moment, and if the action of the San Jacinto were legal, there would be no hindrance to Americans coming over here and carrying them off to Fort Lafayette or Fort Warren. The matter does not admit of dispute. The seizure of Messrs. Slidell and Mason was a gross wrong, which can only be repaired by the offer of ample apologies by the United States government and the liberation of the captives.

The case of the Leopard and the Chesapeake will occur to many as a parallel. The British frigate Leopard demanded the privilege of searching the American frigate Chesapeake for deserters. It was refused, the British ship fired a broadside into the other, which, being unprepared for action, was compelled to haul down her colors, and the deserters were taken from her. For this highly reprehensible act, Mr. Canning offered ample apologies, which were accepted by the United States government. Still later, in the year 1849, a Hungarian refugee, Koszta, sought refuge on board an American ship-of-war in the Mediterranean. His surrender was demanded by the Austrian authorities, but the American commander refused to give him up, and was highly commended for so doing by his government and the public at large."

The Montreal Herald says:—"Whatever rejoicing there may be in the United States, over the capture of these two commissioners, we cannot but think that Great Britain will be imperatively called upon to demand their delivery. It is true that the old British doctrine, which led to the war of 1811, was, that a state had the right to take possession of its subjects wherever it found them, and acting on that doctrine, pressed seamen serving on board British ships. Nor did we believe that, by the treaty, that right was given up, but, on the other hand, the United States have always contended against it, and if their own doctrine is to prevail, they had as much right to arrest these gentlemen in her Majesty's palace as on a British deck covered by a British flag. We believe that this doctrine is now the recognized law of nations. The commodore has, however, in this high-handed measure, acted on his own responsibility, and we expect to see his government disavow him; otherwise, there is reason to fear serious trouble between the two nations, which, hitherto, we have seen no grounds for apprehending."

The Toronto Ledger says:—*The action of the American commodore, then, constitutes the most offensive outrage which Brother Jonathan has dared to perpetrate upon the British flag.* If Messrs. Mason and Slidell may be seized on board of a British steamer, and carried off prisoners, they might with equal propriety have been seized during their stay in Bermuda. In regard to the British flag, the Yankee commodore has no right at sea which he does not posess on land: and the fact that he did not make any attempt to effect an arrest in Bermuda is equivalent to a confession that he had no lawful authority in the premises. Avowedly he waited until Messrs. Mason and Slidell had sailed, and then, sustained by an overpowering naval force, he exacted their surrender under protest. As the case stands, there is not a feature to modify its offensiveness. *It is a wanton, unprovoked, and indefensible insult to the British flag.*

"The proceeding is rendered worse by the tone which the Americans have uniformly maintained in relation to the right of search. They have held that the flag of a country is an invaluable shelter to the persons who sail beneath it; and they went to war with Britain rather than submit to the right which our Government claimed of taking British sailors from American ships. They perilled everything rather than acknowledge foreign authority in American vessels; and tacitly, their position has been acquiesced in. Now, however, they venture to do what they treated as a cause of war when done by another Power. They have asserted their right to search British vessels, and to take from them parties whose whole offence is political in its character. Clearly, if such an act be tolerated in this instance, it may be multiplied indefinitely, and the proud boast of England, that her flag guards all beneath it, will be heard no more.

"If an American man-of-war may coerce a British vessel in the channel of the Bahamas, American officers may stop and search the Cunarders, the Canadian steamers, or any other British steamer, when and where they please. If they may outrage the British flag at sea, they may defy it on land, and they may drag from Canada the refugees who are here seeking shelter from Federal despotism. *The pretension cannot, will not be tolerated.* And this arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell will probably bring the question to an issue. It is not the first attempt which the northerners have made since the commencement of the war to do as they will towards British authority. The incursion of armed ruffians into Essex, to capture British subjects who had left the Federal army, was a sample of what we might expect if Seward's agents were permitted to tamper with the loyalty of our people; but that occurrence, though gross, was trivial compared to the proceedings of Commodore Wilkes. *The arrest of Mason and Slidell strikes at the root of British authority, and affirms a right on the part of the Northern States to which the meanest nations in Christendom could not honorably submit.*

"We assume that Lord Lyons will at once demand from the Washington government a disavowal of the act of their commodore, and the release of Messrs. Mason and Slidell. Not to assume this would be to suppose that Britain is indifferent to the rights and honor of her flag. Of these contingencies, we need not say which is the more probable."

THE NEGROES IN S. CAROLINA.

A Negro's Description of the Battle with the Rebel Forts.

On our way to the beach (says a correspondent), we met one of the negroes. He was a regular grinner, and showed his ivories to perfection. I asked him if he was in the fight. Oh, golly, said he, I wer dat. Well, what do you think of it? As near as I can remember his words, the following was his answer: Well, Massa, I neber see a ship before, and when she come up dis way, de general say to my marse, Now, General Dayton, you look at us sink dat *Warbash*. Well, Marse he sat down, den some more gentlemen dey come from up de riber to see de ship sunk too. Well, bime-by de Fort Warbash sent one of dem tings she has in her what makes a howling in de fort and makes an awful noise here too, and den breaks off in pieces (a shell) and flies all around. Dis frighten dem some; den a good many ob em cum togeder, and oh golly! Massa jump and run for his horse, he drop his sword, dis nigger had no time to pick em up, but gets on his hoss, too, and follows Marster. Dem things howled on dat Fort Warbash, den dey cum ober here and howl and break up and throw de iron all about like as if de debil was in em. Bime-by, when we got in de woods, Marse and I stop for to look, but dem debils dat de Fort Warbash fotch here make so much smoke on dis shore dat we could not see noting. Arter a little while den all de people dat come to see de ship sink come galloping up to de woods; bime-by one ob dem smoke ball brake close to em, and oh golly! didn't dem hosses run, and den Marse he run, too, but dis nigger got behind de house, and arter a while all de whole army—soldiers, horse and ebry one—come running, but dis nigger stowed away and let em pass.

This negro declared that it was an actual fact that people were invited to see the *Warbash* sunk. When Commodore Dupont anchored within eight hundred yards of Fort Walker, he said he would not move her till he took that fort. It was a bold stand, but resulted in good.

The Connecticut Men.

Lieut. Col. Hawley, of the Seventh Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, in a communication to the Evening Press, gives the honor of first landing on the soil of South Carolina to that regiment: "Our Seventh Regiment landed first, and had the honor of taking charge of the fort (Fort Walker) over night. And besides, the companies of Capts. Francis and Rodman, under charge of your humble servant, did the advanced picket duty for the night. Friday, the regiment was sent about five miles in a westerly direction, on an armed reconnoisance to Seabrook's Ferry or Landing. We caught no rebels, but found a large quantity of provisions, &c.

"The enemy ran in the extremest fright, and abandoned almost everything but the clothing on them. It is as warm as June. I have oranges in my pocket picked at Seabrook's. The palmetto is plenty about us, the leaves are green on all the trees, the cotton-fields are white, waiting for the second picking, and sweet potatoes are plenty. There is scarcely a white man left on the island.—The negroes are jolly, and after the first inquiring look, greet us with great pleasure, run to bring water, and are wonderfully hearty in crying 'God bress you, Mass'r!'—Their masters told them to 'dodge' when we came; that we would take them to Cuba and work them, Sundays and all, and keep them in dungeons; but they would not believe it."

A Cotton Plantation.

On our return (says another correspondent), we stopped at a cotton plantation, where were about thirty-five bales of cotton as yet unginned. In other places has been discovered cotton already baled, to the amount of sixty bales in one storehouse, and abundance of the best Sea Island cotton is all around. *It rests solely with those in power to send shiploads of "the cause of all our woe" instantly to the North.* At a place called Seabrook, the blacks flock in, men, women and children, from all the surrounding counties, main and islands. Between three and four hundred are now within our lines, at work, digging entrenchments, rowing boats, and landing stores. These blacks all tell one story. They have long been expecting our advent: they disbelieve the stories of the rebels, that we intend harm to them; they are willing to work, but they want to be free. No blacks that can get away will remain with their masters; none will follow them in their flight before our army. House servants and field hands talk in the same way. They all say that several instances have occurred of masters firing upon their slaves when they refused to share the flight. I make no comment upon these wonderful revelations, except that here the problem of the rebellion is apparently destined to be worked out in one way or another. The blacks, I understand, are not to be invited to our lines, neither repelled. No enticements are to be held out to them, but they evidently need none. The developments at Beaufort, and the unanimous declarations of the negroes that *the rest are coming*, assure the most indifferent, or the most willfully blind, of the magnitude of the events upon whose threshold we stand.

Mexico.—The Convention agreed upon by the three Powers respecting the expedition to Mexico, provides that the invading Powers shall not seek territorial advantages for themselves, nor use their influence to interfere with the rights of the people to choose their own Government. It also contains an article providing that an invitation be extended to the Government of the United States to accede to the Convention in behalf of their own subjects. It does not fix the number of ships or troops to be used, nor stipulate for a march to the city of Mexico.

NEWS ITEMS.

D'ISRAELI, the English statesman and writer, is said to be completely broken down in mind and body, by the use of opium, and is nearly imbecile, with no prospect of recovery.

A SQUADRON of United States cavalry, under Major Hough, overtook and captured one hundred and fifty rebels who seized our supply train on Monday, near Warrensburg, Missouri.

THE new U. S. gunboat Conestoga made a trip up the Tennessee river recently, and silenced two rebel batteries near the Tennessee line, routing the rebel forces and killing a number of the men.

THE news of the arrest of Mason and Slidell has caused a great excitement south among the rebels, who rejoiced in the prospect of retaliation by England. In Virginia and Baltimore secession stock had risen materially.

IT is reported that assurances have been given by our government to that of Great Britain that British vessels shall have access to the cotton ports of the south before the winter is over.

THE London Times severely berates Lord Lyons for his letter to Seward recently. It thinks the English argument very poorly presented. The Times, Post, and other English papers attack Seward's circular to the Governors of the states as an offensive demonstration against England.

SMALL CRAFT FOR A LARGE EXPEDITION.—These vessels now owned or chartered by the government, and fitting out with great celerity at this port, amount to sufficient tonnage to carry 30,000 troops. The process of adapting them to the service for which they are designed has been executed with a rapidity which has no precedent in any history. We suppose that it is not desirable at present to indicate the destination of the expedition, and we therefore withhold further particulars.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

NEW NAVAL EXPEDITIONS.—Gen. Butler is actively at work, in Boston, getting off his sea coast expedition. One of the largest steamers ever built in this country (the Constitution) is engaged as a transport for this expedition, and will, with other transports, take about five thousand troops on a special service, which is kept secret. The operations along the coast should be pushed forward rapidly, and every available point secured early.

IT is estimated that the southern states hold the property of northern men to the amount of eight hundred millions of dollars, all of which the Confederate government intends to confiscate. This estimate, the Independent says, is made on the authority of Jeff. Davis.

NO MORE VOLUNTEERS TO BE CALLED FOR.—The statement that the President intends to issue a proclamation calling upon the states for two hundred thousand more volunteers is without foundation. When the half million volunteers called for by Act of Congress have been recruited, none will be received except in the regular service.

TWENTY rebel prisoners, who are about to be released in exchange for an equal number of our men at Richmond, have taken the oath not to bear arms against the U. S. government.

BEAUREGARD.—It is now ascertained that Beauregard is at Centreville, and has not been south as was reported. Beauregard having in some of his published orders and reports cast reflections upon the cautious military policy of the rebel government, an angry newspaper controversy has sprung up, in which he has been charged with ambitious designs. He denies it, and says that at the close of the war he will retire to private life.

GEN. HUNTER has relinquished the command of the army in Missouri, and Gen. Halleck has assumed it.

THE Richmond Whig says that the rebel army in Virginia is to be reorganized. Johnston is the chief commander, Beauregard commands the army of the Potomac, Jackson that of the valley, and Holmes that of Aquia. Troops continue to pass north. All the United States prisoners at Richmond have been sent to North Carolina. General Lee has gone to take command in South Carolina, and Floyd commands in western Virginia.

THE rebel government has confiscated slaves in Virginia owned by a northern citizen.

COL. CANBY, U. S. Commissioner of the Department of New Mexico, has made a requisition on the Governor of that territory for twelve thousand militia, to garrison the military posts in the territory and relieve the regulars. The Governor has responded by apportioning the quota to the different divisions.

THE Memphis Appeal acknowledges the rebel loss at the battle of Belmont to be 625 killed, wounded and missing.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.—When Mr. Winthrop, the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts, was in Virginia, but a little while befor the war he met with Mr. Mason, and received from him very polite and cordial treatment. In alluding to a former visit which Mr. Mason had made to Boston, Mr. Winthrop expressed the hope to see him there again soon, and to have the opportunity of returning his kind attentions. Mr. Mason replied with great *empressement*, "Sir, I shall not visit Boston again until I come as an ambassador."

NEGRO FINED FOR MARRYING A WHITE WOMAN.—In the Probate Court of Cuyahoga county, Ohio, a few days ago, a colored man named West, was tried upon an indictment for marrying a white woman. West pleaded guilty to the charge, and was fined one cent. The Judge remarked that he regretted that there were no half-cents, as that would have been the measure of his damages; that the law was ridiculous; that when a white woman makes up her mind to marry a negro, there should be no restraint but that imposed by taste; that it was better to have legitimate mulattoes than bastards.

IOWA ELECTION.—The official returns of the late election in Iowa for Judge of the Supreme Court resulted in the re-election of Lowe, Republican, who received 61,000 votes, to 41,032 for Elwood, and 2,848 scattering.—For Congress, in the Second District, to supply the vacancy caused by the resignation of Gen. Curtis, Wilson, Republican, received 29,323; Neal, Democrat, 21,429. Majority for Wilson, 7,894.

THE Government has secured a large mail intended for the rebel commissioners, Mason and Slidell. Information was given to the Post-Office Department that letters and despatches for these commissioners would probably be forwarded, by way of Havana, to go out by the mail steamer for England from New York. Detectives were set at work, and the mail intercepted. It contains files of southern papers, letters, despatches, drafts, bills of exchange, &c.

THE people of Illinois at the late election went against a proposition to establish a State Bank with branches. The project received less than five thousand votes in the whole State.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 21.—Intelligence has just been received that the rebels of Northampton county, Virginia, have laid down their arms to the number of 1,800, and that the Government troops have now full possession of that county as well as Accomac.—This restores the whole of the Peninsula to the Union.

THREATENED SUPPRESSION OF GERMAN FREMONT PAPERS.—The St. Louis correspondent of the Cincinnati Inquirer says:

"The two German papers of this city have been notified that unless they cease their attacks on the administration for its late action in the case of Fremont, and for other exceptionable articles, the publication of their issues will be suppressed." (Doubtful.)

IT is estimated that the rebel navy consists of 88 sail—privateers, trade steamers and transports.

COL. RICHARD TAYLOR, the junior who was made a rebel General and put over General Walker's Brigade, causing his remonstrance and resignation, is the brother-in-law of President Lincoln. It seems that high Federal relationships pass for something in secessia.

CHANGE OF NAME.—In an order of Gen. Sherman, dated Hilton Head, Nov. 15th, we find the following: "The fort on Hilton Head will be known as 'Fort Welles,' and the one on Bay Point, heretofore called Fort Beauregard, will be known as 'Fort Seward.'"

SUGGESTIVE.—Near Gen. McCall's headquarters on the Potomac, is an old Virginian, who liberated his twelve slaves after the war commenced, and now has them contentedly working upon his farm on wages.

NO MORE ARMS FROM ENGLAND.—Letters received by the Asia state that the British government refuses to grant clearances from English ports to vessels having on board arms for the United States. Agents who are now abroad purchasing arms for the government or for arms importers, will hereafter be compelled to ship from Bremen, Havre, or some other continental port. This is only carrying out more strictly than heretofore the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, which forbade the shipment of all articles contraband of war to "either of the belligerents."—*N. Y. Express.*

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, the millionaire of New York, has been appointed on the staff of Gen. McClellan, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

AT the recent German meeting in favor of Fremont, in New York, Dr. Dulon, father-in-law of Gen. Sigel, was in the chair.

GENERAL FREMONT'S REPORT.—General Fremont is preparing his report, and such explanations as his friends feel they have a right to expect from him, which will be submitted to Congress.

FROM MISSOURI.

The latest accounts from Gen. Price place him in Barry county, making preparations to advance to Springfield.

ROLLA, MO., Nov. 21.—Advices from the southwest are to the effect, that General Price has abandoned his position at Cassville, and is moving towards his old camp at Neosho.

About 4,000 of his men under Gen. Harris, were on the Kansas line, directly west of Carthage, with the evident intention of entering that state and ravaging its southern counties. Gen. Harris's force was principally composed of cavalry and Indians.

General Jim Lane was in that vicinity with about 3,000 infantry, and it is possible an engagement may take place between them.

It is reported that there is a camp of 600 Cherokee Indians in McGee county, Kansas.

The Rebel State Legislature, in session at Neosho, had passed an ordinance of secession, and united the state with the southern rebels. Gen. Rains had been elected as one of the Senators to the rebel Congress, and it was thought that Gen. Parsons would be selected as the other. It was said that Gen. Frost, of Camp Jackson notoriety, would take command of Gen. Rains's division.

The southern papers are reporting a "glorious victory" at Springfield, and that they have driven the Federal forces back to St. Louis. This lie is doubtless based upon the recent backward movements ordered by Gen. Hunter, and is therefore a very plausible one. The N. O. True Delta says:—"The Federal loss in killed and wounded was very great. Generals Price and McCulloch express themselves perfectly confident of being able to drive the enemy out of Missouri entirely."

BURNING OF WARSAW BY THE REBELS—GOVERNMENT TRAIN CAPTURED—UNION MEN FLYING FOR REFUGE.—JEFFERSON CITY, Nov. 22.—Passengers by the train from the west, report that the rebels burnt the town of Warsaw, night before last, in order to prevent it from being used as winter quarters for our troops. The intelligence reached Syracuse just before the train arrived, and is considered reliable. A quantity of government stores were destroyed.

A train of eighty wagons, with an escort of two hundred men, left Sedalia a few days ago for Leavenworth. A messenger from the train reached Sedalia at twelve o'clock last night, announcing that they had been attacked near Knob Noster, by a force of from five to six hundred rebels, and the train captured.

Refugees continue to arrive here in crowds, many of them being in a most destitute condition.

MCCLELLAN'S ORDER TO GEN. FREMONT.—The rumor which prevailed here and elsewhere that Gen. Fremont had been reinstated in his command by Gen. McClellan, we suppose grew out of the following facts, as stated by the St. Louis correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette:—

"While Gen. Fremont was two miles south of Warsaw, Mo., on his homeward march, he was met by a special messenger from Washington bearing a dispatch from Gen. McClellan, dated Nov. 1st. The order to transfer the command of the department to Gen. Hunter was dated Oct. 24th. Gen. McClellan desired Fremont to proceed with his plans against the enemy. He had heard of the approach of Price's forces upon Springfield, and, conscious of the impropriety of removing Gen. Fremont at such a juncture, caused his dispatch to be forwarded with all possible speed, in hopes that it would reach its destination in time to counteract the order which was received on the 2d inst. Had Gen. Fremont received this previous to his relinquishment of the command, he would have remained at the head of the army of the west at least until a time when his removal would be less detrimental to the Federal cause. A letter from Gen. McClellan, giving in detail what the dispatch gave in outline, was received at head quarters yesterday. I feel confident, from the contents of this letter, that none will more deeply regret the untimely order of the War Department than Gen. McClellan himself."

THE CASE OF LAURENS.—It is denied that Laurens, the American ambassador to Holland in 1780, was captured by the English on a Dutch ship. The following is said to be a quotation:

From the New York Mercury, Oct. 13, 1780.

"Yesterday, the ship Patty, Capt. Marquis, from Glasgow, and which left seven weeks ago, reports *that the* (*Congress*) *packet bound from Philadelphia*, on which was passenger Mr. Henry Laurens, late President of Congress, was captured by his Majesty's frigate Vestal, Capt. Keppel, on the 2d of September, on the Newfoundland station; the prize was carried into St. John's, and the mail, being found of such consequence as to warrant it, was dispatched with Mr. H. Laurens in person, under convoy, to England, &c."

The Congress was a Philadelphia vessel.

PORT ROYAL.—The Department has established a Post Office at Port Royal, to be called by that name, and has sent out a blank commission to General Sherman, to be filled with the name of a suitable person as Postmaster, who will give the requisite bonds.

Letters destined for Port Royal should be sent to the New York Post Office. The Navy Department has instructed the Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard to inform the Postmaster at New York of the departure of vessels for Port Royal in time to dispatch the mails.

In the course of a week probably the Treasury Department will take definite action with regard to the custom regulations to be established at Port Royal.

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The sales reach some 6000 bbls at $5,50@5,62½ for Western and Pennsylvania superfine; $5,75@5,87½ for extras, the latter for better brands, and $5,94@6 for family flour; the bulk of the sales were of the latter description, including 250 bbls fine at $5, and about 1500 bbls City Mills superfine and extra on terms kept private. The sales to the trade range at from the above figures for superfine and extras up to $6,25@7 ℔ bbl for good extra family and fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal continue scarce, and small receipts and sales at $4 for the former, and $2,80 ℔ bbl for Pennsylvania meal. Buckwheat is selling at $2 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat. About 60,000 bus were disposed of at $1,33@1,37 for fair to good and prime Western and Pennsylvania red, in store and afloat; $1,38@1,40 for Southern do; and $1,40 to $1,53 for common to choice white. Rye is scarce and in request at a further advance, with sales of 10,000 bus at 73@76c for Pennsylvania, and 70c for Southern. Corn is unchanged, but dull, and only 20,000 bus found buyers at 63@64c for old yellow in store, and 64@65c, afloat, including white at 72@75c, and new yellow, in small lots, at 50@56c as to dryness. Oats are better, with sales of about 40,000 bus to note at 37@41c for Southern, and 40@41c for Pennsylvania. Barley and Malt are firm but quiet. White Beans are worth $1,50@1,75 ℔ bus. Of mill feed we are advised of sales of Shipstuffs at $15@16, and Middlings at $22 ℔ ton.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the Hog product generally is very quiet, and the sales of barrelled meats mostly in a small way at $14,25@15 for Mess Pork, and $12@15 for Mess Beef, the latter for city packed. Bacon is dull and unsettled, Hams selling slowly at 6@8c, the latter for fancy cured; Shoulders at 5¼@5½c, and Sides at 6@6½c; 135,000 lbs of the latter sold to the government on terms kept secret. Green Meats are quiet, and without any sales to note. Lard is scarce, tcs and bbls selling in a small way at 9¼@9½c, and kegs at 9¾c ℔ lb, cash and time. Butter is more active, and packed has been taken to some extent at 7½@9c; roll is steady at 12@13c; and Cheese at 6½@7½c ℔ lb, as in quality. Eggs continue scarce and high, selling in lots at 17@18c ℔ doz.

COTTON.—A small business doing at about previous rates; sales of about 200 bales within the range of 22@25c ℔ lb, cash, the latter for good middlings.

ASHES are firmer with a moderate business to note in Pots and Pearls at quotations.

BARK.—There is a good demand for Quercitron, and all offered, some 70 hhds, found buyers at $28 for 1st No 1, and $25 for No 2, some holders now ask more. In Tanners' Bark there is nothing doing to alter quotations.

BEESWAX is scarce, and about 1500 lbs have been disposed of at 32c ℔ lb.

COAL.—The market is firm and on the advance, with a good demand for Anthracite to go east at fully former rates.

COFFEE.—The market is firm and the demand fair, but there is little or no stock here to operate in, and only some 600 bags have been disposed of in lots at 15½@16½c for Rio, and 17@17½c for Laguayra, on the usual terms.

COPPER.—The market is firm, but rather quiet, and Yellow Metal is steady at 20c on time. Ingot is worth 22c ℔ lb.

FEATHERS continue dull, and good western move off slowly at 38@40c ℔ lb.

FRUIT.—There is a fair business doing. Green Apples selling at $2½@3½, and Cranberries at $6@8 ℔ bbl. Dried Apples bring 4@6c, and Peaches 5½@8c for unpared. Pared are worth 10@12c ℔ lb.

HAY—The market is firm, and good Timothy is selling at 65@75c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is very little movement in the market, which is firm for all kinds, and the stock out of the hands of the manufacturers light.

HOPS continue dull, and the sales limited at 20@22c for Eastern and Western.

IRON is more inquired for, but the firmness of holders limits the demand for Pig Metal, and some 2,000 tons have been disposed of, mostly at $18, 19 and $20, 6 mos, for the three numbers of Anthracite, which are now the uniform asking rates, including some small lots of No 1 at $18, cash. Scotch Pig is quiet but firm. In Manufactured Iron there is a moderate business doing.

LEAD continues scarce and on the advance, and we hear of no further sales.

LUMBER—There is a moderate business doing for the season in White and Yellow Pine Boards at quotations. Laths are steady at $1,20@1,25.

MOLASSES—The market has been very quiet and the sales limited to a few small lots Cuba and New Orleans at full rates, and 50 bbls Syrup at 32c, on time.

PLASTER is unchanged, and soft is quoted at $2,25 ℔ ton, and but little arriving or selling.

RICE—The demand is limited and the sales small at 7¼@7½c ℔ lb.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Cloverseed; sales range at $4,50@4,75 ℔ bus. Timothy is quiet, and held at $1,75@1,87½ ℔ bus. Flaxseed continues scarce and in request at $1,87@1,90 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—There is no alteration in foreign, and a small business doing in Brandy and Gin at full rates. N E Rum sells as wanted at 30@32c. Whiskey is dull, and rather lower, bbls selling at 21@21½c, and Drudge at 20@20½c; hhds continue scarce.

SUGARS are firmer; about 200 hhds, mostly Cuba, have been disposed of at 8¼@8¾c, on time.

TALLOW is rather lower, and City is quoted at 9½@9¾c ℔ lb, 150 hhds Butchers' Association sold at the latter rate.

TOBACCO—There is nothing new in Manufactured, and a limited business doing for the want of stock. Leaf is firm but quiet.

WOOL is less active. Transactions include foreign at from 25c to 40c, common to quarter and half blood domestic at 51@55c, and fine fleece at 50@55c ℔ lb, net.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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Philadelphia, November 23, 1861.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	20 dis.
Canada	1½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	¼ dis.
Delaware	¼ dis.	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey par to	¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	5 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	25 dis.
Indiana	1 dis.	Nova Scotia	6 dis.
Iowa	2½ dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to	¼ dis.
Kentucky	2½ dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	40 dis.
Maryland	¼ to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	15 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	5 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3070 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 8½ cts ℔ lb. 80 Cows brought from $20 to 40 ℔ head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from 7 to 7½c ℔ lb net. 920 Hogs sold at from $5,00 to 5,50 ℔ cwt.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday, Nov. 13th, by the Rev. D. Witt C. Byllsby, HENRY B. BURR, to MAGGIE A. daughter of Gen. John S. Irick, of Vincentown, N. J.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. J. Chambers, Mr. JOHN H. CASWELL, of New York, to Miss ANNIE M. WIGGINS, of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, HERMANN GIBBENTHAL, Esq. of Koenigsberg, Prussia, to Miss THEODOSIA MOUNT, of Freehold, N. J.

On the 13th instant, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Bishop Scott, D. D., Mr. JOHN H. PETERSON, to Miss MARY, daughter of Rev. M. A. Cline, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 14th, 1861, at the First Independent Church, by the Rev. J. Chambers, Mr. SAMUEL P. HUHN, to Miss EMMA NEWLAND, second daughter of Mr. Francis Newland, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 14th, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. J. B. BRIGGS, of Bucks county, to Miss M. LOU COOPER, of this city.

On the 28th of April, by the Rev. Mr. Clay, Lieut. ROBERT H. PORTER, to Miss ALICE WALLACE, both of this city.

Feb. 25th, by the Right Rev. Bishop Odenheimer, of N. J., Mr. EDWARD D. HARDY, to Miss MARY O'CONNELL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, ELIZABETH HOUGH, in her 84th year.

On the morning of the 18th instant, JOHN R. HUNTER, in his 71st year.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. MARY B. MCKINNELL, in her 34th year.

On the 16th instant, J. AUSTIN PARRISH, aged 36 years.

On the 14th instant, ELIZABETH EVANS, wife of Wm. Evans, in her 68th year.

On Friday, 15th instant, Mrs. LYDIA HARRISON, widow of the late John Harrison, Esq. aged 84 years.

On 7th day morning, 16th instant, JOHN HAWORTH, aged 76 years.

At Downingtown, on the morning of the 16th instant, SOPHIA C. SHARPLESS, in her 70th year.

On the 16th instant, SAMUEL STEVENSON, in his 59th year.

On Friday evening, Nov. 15th, JOEL B. SUTHERLAND, in his 70th year.

On the 17th instant, Mr. JACOB WALTERS, in his 56th year.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. MARY WEBSTER, wife of David B. Webster, in her 39th year.

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Wit and Humor.

HOW TURKEY MAKES NIGGER

"Tom," says Dick, "you've been stealing massa's turkey."

"I ain't no such ting; who say I tuk massa's turkey?"

"I say so," said Dick, "for I seed you go into de turkey-house, and come out wid de turkey head sticking out of a bag."

"Oh, well," replied Tom, "ef you did see me, sure enuff, Dick, den I tuk de Turkey; and if you won't say anything 'bout it, I'll give you de drum-stick, dat's all dat's left."

Dick made no promise, but the master, who had overheard the conversation, soon had the delinquent Tom before him.

"Tom," said he, "I've just heard you confess having stolen my turkey."

"Well, massa," says Tom, "since I'se cotched, I'll just own I tuk it; I wan't going to deny it, no how."

"Now, Tom, you know I don't allow stealing on my land, and I must punish you for this."

"Pray, massa, don't let the overseer flog me; for, massa, (a sudden thought seeming to strike him,) you hain't lost nothin', if I did steal dat turkey."

"Why, you rascal, didn't you admit you had stolen and eat it?"

"Dat's true, massa," said Tom; "yet still you hain't lost nothin'."

"How's that?"

"Well, you see, massa, I tuk de turkey, and done eat it up. When I tuk de turkey and eat it, it got to be part of me—it went into me, and made more nigger for you, massa. So you see, *what you lost in turkey, you made up in nigger*."

Tom was excused for his wit.

"THEM" SARDINES.

Not long ago, a Western landlord, somewhat noted for his blunders, took it into his head to get up a ball at his "tavern." As he intended to do the thing up brown, and have everything on the big auger plan, he fancied that a few "store fixins" would be a great addition to the bill of fare of pork and turkey. He therefore made inquiry of his friends, and found that the only delicacy in market at that season of the year was sardines; accordingly he sent to the nearest city for two dozen boxes of sardines. His chirography, however, was so villainously bad, as to make it read "two duzzen boxes syringes." The night of the party came, and as supper time drew near, the landlord looked anxiously down the street for the appearance of the stage which was to bring the principal dish on the bill. At last it arrived, and with a package for the expectant landlord. Directly there was a great outcry, and a sound of cursing in the bar-room. The entire party rushed out to see what was the matter, and there stood Boniface, as mad as a turkey-cock, puffing and blowing with rage.

"See there!" said he, "see there! I sent to Dubuque for two dozen boxes of sardines for supper to night, and the cussed fool sent me twenty-three boxes of them blamed pewter squirt-guns, and says that's all there was in the market!"

Potomac and Buttermilk.—An amusing story is told by some Dubuque boys of the "Iowa First," about the changes which a certain password underwent about the time of the battle of Springfield. One of the Dubuque officers, whose duty it was to furnish the guard with a password for the night, gave the word "Potomac." A German on guard, not understanding distinctly the difference between the Bs and Ps, understood it to be "Bottomic," and this, in being transferred to another, was corrupted to "Buttermilk." Soon afterward, the officer who had given the word wished to return through the lines, and approaching a sentinel, was ordered to halt, and the word demanded. He gave "Potomac."

"Nicht right—you don't pass mit me dis way."

"But this is the word, and I will pass."

"No, you stan;" at the same time placing a bayonet at his breast in a manner that told Mr. officer that "Potomac" didn't pass in Missouri.

"What is the word, then?"

"Buttermilk, tam you."

"Well, then, 'Buttermilk, tam you.'"

"Dat is right; now you pass mit yourself all about your pizines."

There was then a general overhauling of the password, and the difference between Potomac and Buttermilk being understood, the joke became one of the laughable incidents of the campaign.

Camp Phrases.—An enterprising publisher might make money by getting up a camp dictionary for the benefit of those who visit the army, and are mystified by the extraordinary words and phrases used. The word "*arms*" has been distorted into "*umm*," brought forcibly forth like the last groan of a dying cat; and in place of "march," we hear "*stch*." A tent is jocularly termed "*the canvas*," a sword is a "*toad-sticker*," and any of the altered patterns of muskets are known as "*howitzers*." Mess beef is "*salt-horse*," coffee is "*boiled rye*," vegetables are "*cow feed*," and butter "*strong grease*." "*Bully*" is the highest term of commendation, while dissent is expressed in the remark, "*I don't see it*." Almost every regiment has its nickname, and few officers or privates receive their legal appellations or titles when spoken of in their absence. The Massachusetts men have even re-christened their Governor, nor have his "military family" escaped receiving their *noms-de-guerre*, one or two of which are decidedly uncomplimentary, though laugh-provoking.

☞ Sentiment by a Patriotic Cook.—The Rebellion—It's just like picking a duck; give me hold of it, and you'll soon see its down fall.

A Cautious Witness.—A farmer was called as a witness to prove the bad character of Enoch Jones, who had formerly been his near neighbor. Counsel asked:

Well, what do you know of Jones, the plaintiff?

Farmer—I can't say that I know much about him.

Lawyer—Does he bear a good character?

Farmer—We didn't like him any too well in our neighborhood.

Lawyer—We don't 'spose you did; but would you trust him, or believe him under oath?

Farmer—He might tell the truth, if it was for his interest.

Lawyer—Do you think him an honest man?

Farmer—I never gave him a chance to steal anything from me.

Lawyer—But do you think he would steal if he had an opportunity?

Farmer—Well, I can't say positive; but I should rather not try him.

Lawyer—Perhaps not; but am I to understand that you have such a poor opinion of Jones's honesty, that you would be afraid to leave anything where he could steal it, if he were so inclined?

Farmer—No, I shouldn't be afraid to, *if I watched it!*

One of the Sentries.—At one of the camps on Staten Island, a new recruit was placed on guard a few nights since. An officer wishing to be satisfied that the recruit understood his duty, walked to the post and passed by, meeting with no resistance or objection. Looking at the sentry for a moment, he asked him if that was the way he performed his duty.

"Oh, I am performing my duty," was the reply.

"What did you let me pass for? Didn't the sergeant give you the countersign?"

"I know nothing of your countersign!" was the reply: "but the sergeant told me that the first man who came along would give me brandy and wine, and not a drop of either have I seen, although half-a-dozen have passed me. Hang the wine! I only want the brandy."

The password was "Brandywine," and the new aspirant for military honors had only comprehended it in the sense probably most familiar to him.

SPIRITUAL RECOGNITION.

The re-union of parents and children in Heaven, as well as of other earthly friends is a cheering and delightful thought. And the idea that our departed friends may sometimes be near us, or wait to welcome us to the spirit-land, is well suited to impress the mind.—The touching incident narrated below occurred in Washington City some years ago. It will bear frequent repetition. The narrator says:—

A little girl, in a family of my acquaintance, a lovely and precious child, lost her mother at an early age—too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was as frail as beautiful; and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if, won by that mother's prayer, to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet, conscientious, and prayer-loving child was the cherished one of the bereaved family. But she faded away yearly. She would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's kind care of her, and winding one wasted arm around her neck, would say, "Now, tell me about my mamma." And when the old tale had been repeated, she would ask, softly, "Take me into the parlor; I want to see my mamma!" The request was never refused, and the affectionate child would lie for hours contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. But—

"Pale and wan she grew, and weakly—
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to them she still grew dearer,
As the trial-hour grew nearer."

That hour came at last; and the weeping neighbors assembled to see the little child die. The dew of death was already on the flower, as its life-sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly—spasmodically.

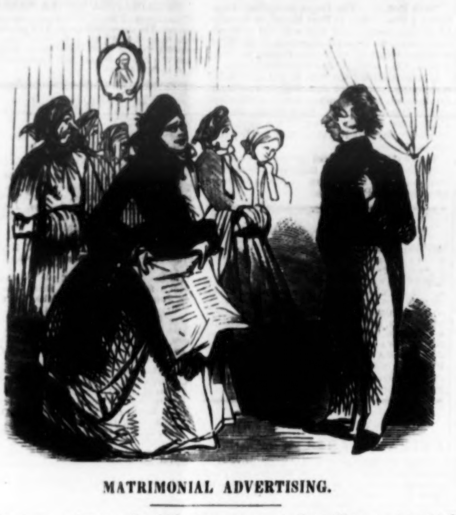
"Do you know me, darling?" sobbed close to her ear the voice that was dearest, but it awoke no answer.

All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan, subsiding hands flew up, in the little one's last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the far above.

"Mother!" she cried, with surprise and transport in her tones—and passed with that breath into her mother's bosom.

Said a distinguished divine who stood by that bed of joyous death,—"If I never believed in the ministration of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now."—*Ladies' Repository.*

American Tunes in England.—The English people have, for some years, depended upon American composers for their popular melodies, and "Annie Laurie" and other delicious airs of English origin, have been eclipsed by importations from the United States. "Old Susanna" after being worn out in this country, did good service in England, and "Lilly Dale" and "My Mary Ann" also had a popularity extending from the Highlands of Scotland to the valleys of Devonshire. At the present date, a song which has almost passed into oblivion in the country of its birth—the song known as "Rosalie the Prairie Flower," is on every street organ in our Mother Land. The well-known "Dixie" is also sung and whistled by all the boys in London, but not the original words, some local scribbler having appropriated the music and bestowed upon a series of stupid lines, in the chorus of which, occur the words "on the Strand, on the Strand"—alluding to the well-known street in London. Besides singing Dixie, and shouting it and humming it, the London *gamins* play it, with considerable skill on little leaden pipes (shaped like those of an organ) very much in vogue just now.



MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISING.

Prettiest of Several Young Ladies, all on the Same Mission.—Are you the "Young gentleman of prepossessing appearance and excellent morals," who advertises for a wife in this morning's *Herald?*

Young Man.—That's me!

—*Vanity Fair.*

LOVE LIGHTENS TOIL.

How easy it is to work when we are happy! How delightful when we are happy, to work for those we love. A life of constant toil, merely for subsistence, is very hard and sad. No heart can bear it. The strain will break the courage and sour the temper of anybody. There must be, before the worker, some better reward than the supply of his mere physical wants, or he will become a discontented being. He must work for *love* more than money, or he is miserable.

The thought of loving hearts at home nerves the strong arm of the man at his toil, and sends the warm blood singing through his heart. The wife, in her household labor, is happy, thinking of the evening hour, when she may sit down with her husband, and be rewarded by his companionship, for all that, during the day, she accomplishes or endures for him and her little ones.

She knows not how hard she works, so long as she is happy in him. She would, if need be, kill herself with hard labor for his sake, and not dream that she was dying. And he, if a true man, would do the same for her. For what do warm, fond hearts know of how much they endure for each other? "Why," say they, "the more the better. It is for love—*for love*."

What kitchen under ground, what back attic, seven stories high, is dreary enough to darken the face of the maiden, working to make ready for a lover's visit? No one ever saw a place that could do it. Under the excitement of love, especially of love *requited*, wonders of work, otherwise impossible, have been accomplished; and so it will be again, and the worker hardly knows that he has been tasked.

BUYING SHOES IN NASHVILLE.

A correspondent of the Nashville (Tenn.) Patriot thus describes his experience in attempting to buy a pair of dress boots:

The owner of the shop took down from the peg a pair of stitch-downs. I tried them on. I must do them the justice to say that they fitted me as handsomely as if my feet had been melted and poured into them. I determined to buy them, cost what they might.

"I'll take these," said I, stamping my foot violently on the floor, and taking a ten dollar bill from my vest pocket. "Take your pay out of that," said I, handing him the costly shinplaster.

I really believe that the individual who stood before me at that moment was the most thoroughly astonished bootmaker that I ever saw. He looked first at the money and then at me, turning alternately pale and red, while his eyeballs protruded from their sockets as if they were being shoved outward by some hydraulic pressure within. At last, just as I was about to cry fire or run for a doctor, or something of the sort, he spoke.

"You are from the country, ain't you?"

I answered that I was.

"I thought so," said he; "them boots is eighteen dollars!"

I didn't say another word. I sat down and pulled off "them boots," more in sorrow than in anger, drew on my own and walked out of the shop. The proprietor of the shop must have taken me for the Prince of Wales or the owner of the State Bank. Eighteen dollars for a pair of boots!

True Courage.—For a man to say that his soul is incapable of fear, is just as absurd as to say that, from a peculiarity of constitution, when dipped in water, he does not get wet. You, human beings, whoever you may be, when you are placed in danger, and reflect upon the fact, you feel afraid. Don't vapor and say no—we know how the mental machine must work, unless it be diseased. Now the thoughtful man admits all this—he admits that a bullet through his brain would be a very serious thing for himself, and likewise for his wife and children—he admits he shrinks from such a prospect—he will take pains to protect himself from the risk, but he says that if duty requires him to run the risk, he will run it. This is the courage of the civilized man, as opposed to the blind, bull-dog insensibility of the savage. This is courage—to know the existence of danger, but to face it nevertheless.

Human Life.—Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadows fall across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to Paradise; and with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hope upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude which fills the world to day, will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

In the Twinkling of an Eye.—One moment the sick-room, the scaffold, the stake; the next, the paradisial glory. One moment the sob of parting anguish; the next, the great deep swell of the angel's song. Never think, reader, that the dear ones you have seen die had far to go to meet God after they parted from you. Never think, parents, who have seen your children die, that after they left you, they had to traverse a dark, solitary way, along which you would have liked—if it had been possible—to lead them by the hand, and bear them company till they came into the presence of God. *You did so*, if you stood by them till the last breath was drawn. You *did* bear them company into God's very presence, if you only stayed beside them till they died. The moment they left you they were with Him. The slight pressure of the cold fingers lingered with you yet, but the little child was with his Saviour.—*Recreations of a Country Parson.*

The Dead Editor.—A paper in a neighboring State, after giving a long obituary of a deceased brother of the quill, thus, in glowing strains, concludes: "Are we not glad, also, that such an editor, is in heaven? There the cry of 'more copy' shall never be abused any more by his political antagonists, with lies and detractions that should shame a demon to promulgate. There he shall no more be used as a ladder for the aspiring to kick down as they reach the desired height and need him no more. There he shall be able to see the immense masses of mind he has moved, all unknowingly and unknown as he has been during his weary pilgrimage on earth. There he will find all articles credited, not a clap of his thunder stolen—and there shall be no horrid typographical errors to set him in a fever. We are glad the editor is in heaven."

Useful Receipts.

Plain Custard.—Boil a pint of milk, in which place two ounces of sugar, the thin peel of half a lemon; break in a basin four eggs, beat them well with a fork, then pour in the milk by degrees, not too hot; mix it well, pass it through a cullender or sieve, fill cups with it, which place in a stew-pan, on the fire, which contains one inch of water; leave them for about twelve minutes, or till set, which is easily perceived.—*Soyer.*

Coffee, Cocoa, or Chocolate Custard.—Make some very strong coffee, beat the eggs as above; put in a pan half a pint of milk and half a pint of made coffee, with two ounces of sugar, then add the eggs, pass through a sieve, and proceed as above. Chocolate and cocoa the same, only omitting the lemon peel in all three.—*Soyer.*

Yorkshire Pudding.—Beat up two eggs in a basin, add to them three good tablespoonfuls of flour, with pint of milk, by degrees, and a little salt; butter the pan, bake half an hour, or bake under the meat; cut it in four, turn it, and when set on both sides it is done. A tin dish, one inch and a half deep and eight inches wide, is the most suitable for such proportion.—*Soyer.*

Agricultural.

PROTECTING ANIMALS FROM RAIN STORMS.

I believe that farmers, generally, are not aware how much loss they sustain in the flesh of their domestic animals, and how much they suffer during cold storms of rain in the summer, or at any other season of the year. Warm showers never injure animals; indeed, they appear to have a good relish for such a sprinkling as they frequently get, provided it is not as cold as ice. Most animals will endure pretty severe cold, as long as they can keep dry; but as soon as their bodies have been wet, and are kept wet, evaporation commences. And as evaporation is a cooling process, the heat of their bodies is carried away very rapidly, and the sudden transition from heat to cold chills them in a very short time, injures them more than a severe storm in winter.

Animals will endure a very sudden change from cold to heat with impunity; but sudden changes from heat to cold are often attended with very injurious consequences. We are apt to think that because it is summer, or not freezing weather, that a storm of rain will not hurt our animals. But could they communicate to us their feelings during a storm of cold rain, there would not be so much negligence about protecting them, especially during the cold and stormy days and nights of autumn.

I well remember, about twenty years ago, there was a severe rain storm in the month of June, and although our sheep had been sheared more than two weeks, we thought that they ought to be brought home to the barn. But many of them were so cold and feeble in consequence of the rain, that it was necessary to go after them with a wagon.

About the 1st of July, 1861, there was another very cold storm of rain, which swept away hundreds of sheep in the town where I reside. One farmer lost about sixty of his choicest sheep, although they had been sheared several days before the storm came on. I have heard of more than three hundred lost during the storm.

It is infinitely better for animals, to keep them in a stable or shed where they cannot get a mouthful of food for twelve successive hours, than to allow them to be exposed for only two hours to a storm of cold rain.

When I was accustomed to keep sheep, I was always careful to let them have the benefit of a shed, if they needed it, not only in winter, but during summer; and it was very unusual that our horses and neat cattle were left for one hour in the field, during a cold storm. Cold storms not only make horses look bad, but they do really injure them, by rendering them stiff and dull; and they often contract severe cold, which many times will superinduce catarrh and glanders.

Young calves and colts suffer extremely from exposure to cold storms, even in summer; and to shelter them, will be time and money well appropriated. "A merciful man regardeth the life of his beast."—*Country Gentleman.*

PREPARE FOR WINTER.

Farmers have more on their hands at this season than other country people. They have now secured their principal harvests and secured them in barns, to be dealt out as fast as they are wanted. Corn is either put up in cribs where it may have air enough to secure it from moulding—or it lies in convenient heaps where it may be stripped of its husks in the long evenings when there is little else to be done.

Fuel is an important article in winter in our climate. Dry wood and chips, so near to the kitchen that the domestics can find it without shovelling away the snow, or wading through it, are a luxury which all farmers do not enjoy. As soon as the harvesting is over let the wood-house be supplied with fuel that will burn without the aid of breath or bellows.

Chips and light kindlings cannot often be procured in abundance after the snows come, therefore take care and gather them before that occurrence. Our winters may be made pleasant when we have easy access to dry fuel. Apple tree limbs and brush are nearly as valuable as walnut for the kitchen and the parlor. "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost."—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Little Cherries in the Bud in October.—Professor Agassiz, in his address before the Norfolk Agricultural Society, stated as the result of his own observation, that the cherry blossoms were destroyed by a single cold day or term, in February last. He said that he examined them before and after the time referred to, with a microscope, which readily discloses the condition of the blossom; that the buds for the next year's crop are formed in August, and that he had already, (in October,) examined the blossom buds and could then clearly discern the little cherries in the bud! I remember once, at your house, we examined some cherry buds in the spring with a microscope, and although we plainly saw what seemed to be the little cherries in twos and threes as they are seen when full grown, I could hardly credit my own eyesight, or the assertion of your good lady who showed me the wonder, that what I saw was the fruit in embryo.

Carrot Tops.—The Springfield Republican says:—"The high figure at which indigo is held, has stimulated the inventive genius of somebody to find out that carrot tops can be used to advantage in coloring blue, and they are bought up hereabouts at quite a large figure, as high as twelve to fifteen dollars per acre being paid for the tops alone."

☞ The title of a book or a lecture is half a success. We see that a lecturer in Pennsylvania has a lecture upon "The Men who Spell Cabbage with a K"—meaning self-taught men.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 71 letters.

My 1, 28, 2, 8, 6, 3, is a substance obtained from marine plants.
My 4, 5, 18, 9, 19, 15, 16, 11, is a lose outer garment.
My 7, 41, 42, 17, is a bird.
My 10, 14, 63, 21, is not fresh.
My 12, 30, is a pronoun.
My 13, 48, 24, is the Spanish title for gentleman.
My 20, 54, 70, 22, is part of the body.
My 22, 27, 68, 15, 35, 46, 57, 71, 26, is a Greek idiom.
My 25, 55, 37, is a small insect.
My 29, 57, 34, 4, 36, 58, is a Turkish passport.
My 31, 32, 68, 4, 65, 33, 39, 60, 52, 71, is a male's name.
My 38, 65, 40, 66, is a book of the Bible.
My 43, 49, 67, 44, 45, 18, 1, 10, 50, 62, 24, is a country in Asia.
My 47, 45, 53, 59, is a small river-fish.
My 51, 14, 56, is an article of apparel.
My 61, 63, 66, is a color.

My whole is the words of a brave American General to a British General.

WILLIAM TOTTEN.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 11, 5, 4, is a part of the head.
My 10, 3, 12, 7, 8, is a town in Spain.
My 9, 10, 8, 6, 5, is a town in Germany.
My 8, 13, is an interjection.
My 6, 13, 12, is an animal.
My 6, 5, 6, 7, is a county in Florida.
My 1, 5, 8, 8, 5, 6, 2, 12, 5, is a county in Alabama.

My whole is the name of an island.

Alleghany Co., Pa. S. R. M.

CHARADE.

Take one and fifty, and be sure
You nothing leave between;
Next add the fifth of just a score,
And then one-third of ten.
Now add the whole at once to five,
And if 'tis done with care—
'Twill make, as sure as I'm alive,
A blossom sweet and fair.

Illinois. A. A. McD.

CHARADE.

My first a certain color is, in Nature often seen;
My second's a receptacle, it may be white or green;
My third it is a power which no man does possess,
Though seen in certain animals, either more or less;
My whole it is an insect, a perfect pest in summer,
And though not very musical, a rather constant hummer. S. S. R.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An island in the Polynesia.
Is a town in Persia.
Is one of the South American States.
Is a lake in South America.
Is a mount in South America.
Is a town in Spain.

My whole is a river in the Old World. My initials form the river, my finals the place.

SAMUEL S. LAIRD.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two travellers, A and B, set out from two different cities, C and D, and travel by the same road towards each other. A left the city of C to travel to the city of D at the same time that B left the city of D to journey to the city of C. When A had been travelling 21 hours, *he overtook* a drove which was moving forward at a speed of 2 miles an hour; B *met* the same drove just 24 minutes *before* he came to a river known to be 80 miles from the place where A *overtook* the drove. When B had been travelling 35 hours, he was *overtaken* by an express which was proceeding at the rate of 5 miles an hour; A *met* the same express just 25 minutes *after* he passed a station-house known to be 60 miles from the place where the express *overtook* B. A met B on the way between C and D exactly 4 hours *before* the drove and express met. Required—The hourly speed of A and B, and the distance from C to D?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the cause of many a bender. Ans.—Too much "whiskey *straight*."

☞ Why are dogs and cats like schoolmasters and their pupils? Ans.—Because one is of the canine (canin'), and the other of the feline (feeling) species.

☞ If a man should ask his wife why a Laplander is like an umbrella-maker, what reply should she make? Ans.—Because he derives his support from the reindeer (rain-dear.)

☞ Why is your tired husband like an umbrella? Ans.—Because he is used up.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Guiseppe Garibaldi, the Washington of Italy. ENIGMA—"Honesty is the best policy." GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—General Winfield Scott. CHARADE—Galveston. REBUS—Iron mine, (Inform Rosini, Organ, Needle.) RIDDLE—Horatio Gates. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—A could do the work in 60 days, B in 30 days, C in 20 days, and D in 80 days. B received $120 and C $80.

Plan of performing;—77, and 7, and 7-7 are added, which make 85; and from this 5 times 7, that is 35, are subtracted; when 50, or the sum of one-half of one hundred will remain.

Answer to GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM by Dan. Diefenbach published September 7th, 2109 bullets.

☞ The last number of the Medical Journal contains a report from a committee of physicians which decides that chloroform is dangerous to life, but sulphuric ether not.

☞ Time's Changes.—In 1656, a man was prosecuted in London for selling coffee, just then introduced, as a nuisance and prejudice to the neighborhood.